

C. 100/100

Chapter 1.

Professional Class

The first of the three classes is the Professional Class. This class is composed of those who are engaged in the practice of a profession. The members of this class are those who have acquired a high degree of skill and knowledge in a particular field of study or practice. They are those who are recognized by society as being qualified to perform certain duties and to exercise certain rights. The members of this class are those who are engaged in the practice of a profession. They are those who have acquired a high degree of skill and knowledge in a particular field of study or practice. They are those who are recognized by society as being qualified to perform certain duties and to exercise certain rights.

The second of the three classes is the Artisan Class. This class is composed of those who are engaged in the practice of a craft or trade. The members of this class are those who have acquired a high degree of skill and knowledge in a particular field of study or practice. They are those who are recognized by society as being qualified to perform certain duties and to exercise certain rights. The members of this class are those who are engaged in the practice of a craft or trade. They are those who have acquired a high degree of skill and knowledge in a particular field of study or practice. They are those who are recognized by society as being qualified to perform certain duties and to exercise certain rights.

The third of the three classes is the Laborer Class. This class is composed of those who are engaged in the practice of a manual occupation. The members of this class are those who have acquired a high degree of skill and knowledge in a particular field of study or practice. They are those who are recognized by society as being qualified to perform certain duties and to exercise certain rights. The members of this class are those who are engaged in the practice of a manual occupation. They are those who have acquired a high degree of skill and knowledge in a particular field of study or practice. They are those who are recognized by society as being qualified to perform certain duties and to exercise certain rights.

The fourth of the three classes is the Unemployed Class. This class is composed of those who are not engaged in any of the three classes mentioned above. The members of this class are those who are not engaged in any of the three classes mentioned above. They are those who are not engaged in any of the three classes mentioned above. They are those who are not engaged in any of the three classes mentioned above.

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The great wine cask rolled swayingly over the rough floor. Through the dusty window poured a stream of dazzling sunlight that revealed the interior of the little village store and the boy, about fifteen, who struggled to direct the clumsy cask into position.

Successful at last, he stood for a moment gratefully in the cascade of light down which a million motes glittered; he could see outside the unpaved village main street with its scattered stores and houses, and beyond, the great wide valley sectioned with endless fields and vineyards that sloped away to the western mountains.

George Marmoras knew that his ancestors had fled from Constantinople over a hundred years before when the reigning sultan had ordered a periodic massacre of Christians. The family, thus transplanted to Samos, had grown and prospered just as the other islanders had under the remote rule of Turkey. The Greek prince of the island, Karatheodori Pasha, himself a benign ruler, had known how to ward off Turkish interference from his principality. Then, with the new century came independence from Turkey and union with Greece, still a new, struggling nation. Blockade followed blockade as European powers clashed in the Aegean over their spheres of influence. The commerce of Samos sickened, began to dry at its source. The long lean years commenced.

Once George's father had tried to run the blockade with his fleet of trading ships. He escaped the Europeans, but his ships fell into the hands of piratical Zebeks from Kurdistan. These marauders occasionally crossed the narrow channel between Samos and the main mass of Asia Minor to rob the islanders, and, perhaps kidnap their children which they would later sell in the slave marts of Asia.

George, as he tended his father's store, knew that times were not as good as they had been. His father could hardly ever afford now to replenish the dwindling stock in the store; and this, indeed, hardly mattered for the people bought less and less as stringent conditions forced them to subsist from what their own lands could produce. For those unfortunate ones without land, suffering was at times acute.

Knowing some of his father's problems, George wanted to share the burden of work. He was the youngest in the family, yet he had offered to tend the store after his two older brothers had proved themselves too incompetent to be of any use. The fact that his father had full confidence in him was a source of pride to the boy and stimulated his interest in the store and in doing things as efficiently as possible. Because he worked like a man to help his family, his father allowed him to wear the vrakes--baggy, black pantaloons reaching to the ankle,--usually worn only by men of the Greek islands.

However, he felt at times he was not receiving the schooling or

C. Havell

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The vessel was not yet out of the harbor. The first window showed a glimpse of the harbor, and the interior of the little villa above and the bay, about fifteen miles, stretched to the horizon.

Successfully at last, we stood for a moment on the deck, and a cascade of light down which a million waters all poured, as though the universe were a single vessel, and the waters of the sea and the sky were one.

George Newman knew that his ancestors had been in the island since the first of the century, and that the remains of the old castle, which had been built by the first of the name, were still to be seen in the ruins of the old castle. The castle had been built by the first of the name, and the ruins of the old castle were still to be seen in the ruins of the old castle.

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the freedom enjoyed by most of the other children of Samos; he should be attending the scholarcheion, or junior high school, under the eccentric Demetrakis, an unknown Froebel, whose talents were wasted in the little town of Castanea. But Demetrakis took an interest in George, often lending him books which the latter would study during his idle moments in the store.

At times also, the sight of the clear Samian sunlight just beyond the store window made him ache to be out in its free embrace, to roam the wide fruit orchards, to smell the resinous fragrance of the pine forests on the eastern slopes, and to play noisily and happily with the other children in the dusty streets.

Even now, the shrill cacophony of child voices reached George from the outside: voices angry and strident as if in argument. A fight? he wondered. He brushed past the piled-up grain sacks to the door and peered out. A crowd of excited children were pressed screaming and shouting around two who whirled and wrestled and pummeled one another. Suddenly, one of the combatants--George could see from the dress and long hair it was a girl--broke loose, dissheveled, dirty, clutching in one arm an equally tattered rag doll.

She turned wildly as the other, a boy, leaped up to pursue, and, as if by sudden decision, pelted up the few steps into the store pushing George aside in her rush. From this vantage point she turned to stick out her tongue at the crowd below until some of the more forward members began to pick up rocks. Whereupon she slammed the door shut. She turned to face the boy, her slender body still trembling with rage, her dark eyes flashing like those of an angry goddess.

George stood before her a moment speechless, wondering whether to demand an explanation or order her out of the store. Certainly he would not like to have customers come in while she was there--he knew, young as he was, how gossiping tongues could distort the most innocent situation out of all proportions.

"Well," he demanded, determined to assert his authority.

The girl sank panting on a grain sack and began to examine the rag doll which she still held. Her face was dirt-smearred and hair wildly flung; yet the boy noticed her features were regular and attractive, that her body was rounding into early adolescence. Their eyes met.

"That beastly Petro!" she exclaimed dropping her glance. "He tried to take this doll away from me after his sister gave it to me --and look how he tore it! But I taught him a lesson," her dark eyes glowed spitefully; "I've got heavy hands when I slap."

George smiled slightly. When he spoke, it was with the asperity of one who does not indulge in such squabbles. "That's a very foolish thing to fight about--a cheap toy like a rag doll. But you could have known that Petro Stefanou is a bully who fights girls instead of boys--just like his father who tries to frighten every one in Castanea with his gloomy expression."

"Don't you say anything against Stefanou," she tossed her head.

"He's my koumparos (relative by social rite), and my father and I came from Marathokampos today to make arrangements for my sister's wedding. There will be a big party at our house when she marries the politician from Athens." Her head still down, she looked at him mischievously out of the corner of her eye, "Wouldn't you like to come?"

George knew the Stefanou family well, knew them with the dislike felt for them by most of the Castaneans. The wealthiest family around, they were too arrogant to associate with their fellow townsmen. Yet they were always the first to entertain distinguished visitors to the town. Old Haralampos Stefanou's wealth was derived from the fact that as manager of the government monopoly store in Castanea, he received a subsidy from Athens. This semi-official position which constituted him the wealthiest man, coupled also with a certain slowness of speech and menacing manner adopted to intimidate others, enabled him to become the virtual dictator of the village. Stefanou with his relatives and hangers-on had managed in the last few years to control the local elections to have himself elected mayor although he was, in fact, the most unpopular man in the locality.

Looking at the girl, George tried to distinguish some resemblance to the Stefanous. But that was absurd, for koumpari are never blood relations, but connected only by virtue of one member of one family having acted as godfather, best man, or in some other capacity to a member of the other family. From that time on, the two families are considered related.

"Oh, I wish you could see the party," she continued still slyly glancing at him. "Father says there will be a big barbecue of lamb, --the biggest the town has ever seen--and Turkish sweets, and dancing that will last for days. A real city orchestra will play the music." She noticed that the boy before her was very fair, a trait found in many islanders and tracing back, perhaps, to the ancient Greeks; his complexion was the finest she had ever seen, eyes blue and sparkling, and head crowned with a mass of ruddy chestnut-colored hair.

"If you want to come," she was thinking how her own standing at the affair would be heightened by this handsome companion now that her sister would be married and she next in line, "I'll see that my father sends your family an invitation. He told me to ask any friends I wanted." She began straightening her dress and smoothing her hair.

"But I don't know how my father will take it," objected George. Secretly he was flattered by the invitation; boy-like he would not show it. "You know, my father and Stefanou are rivals of long standing."

"Don't worry," she laughed, "This invitation will be from my father, John Defteris of Marathokampos. If he happens to meet Stefanou at the party, he will also meet hundreds of others." She rose from her seat and straightened her rumpled skirt and blouse. "But you haven't told me your name!"

"George Marmoras," she repeated after him, smiling. For a moment she stood poised in the half-open doorway, the sun streaming through her hair making an aura of gold. "You may call me Dina..." and was gone.

It was late that night when the head of the Marmoras household returned home. He entered with that tired expression to which his family was becoming increasingly accustomed. The family had finished dinner, the dishes were cleared away, but his wife bustled about efficiently laying another plate of warmed-over vlita (greens) and kalamaria (squid), a favorite Samian dish. The two older brothers, Tassos and Panayotis, had already disappeared, going to whatever pleasures awaited them at the village coffee house. George sat reading at the dinner table in order to share the flickering light of the oil lamp. A small fire leaped in the fireplace at the other side of the table.

Demetrios Marmoras ate for a while in silence. He wore a thick sheepskin jacket with the fleece side turned inward as protection against the late autumnal chill, and below, his black pantaloons. Occasionally he wiped his bearded lips with a towel. The slanting light gave his aquiline features a distinctly Semitic cast, a throw-back, perhaps, to some Hittite ancestor of eastern Asia Minor.

"What are you reading, Yorgo?" the father looked up from his food.

"This is what the children are studying in the junior high school, father; it's about the history of Greece, how the great heroes like Diakos and Kolokotronis fought the Turks. I'm reading now about Kanaris who burned the Turkish fleet with his fireship."

"That's all very well," answered the father gravely, "But those were the heroes of modern Greece. Doesn't the book tell of the other more glorious heroes of Greece who live two thousand years ago? They were the greatest men in the world. They discovered all the arts and sciences; they were the bravest fighters. I never had much time to read when I was a boy but still I learned about the Ten Thousand of Xenophon who marched through a hostile country, about the heroes who fought for nine years before they conquered Illium, the Golden Age of Greece, the conquests of Alexander, the philosophers.... But I couldn't tell you at one time the wonders of that age. The Greeks of today have done little to compare with those of ancient times."

"But father, the modern Greeks were oppressed by the Turks for hundreds of years," argued George. "They were not allowed to have their own schools or government; how could they do anything in that time? But now, I think, is the time when they will have a chance to go ahead and do greater deeds."

The father smiled. "I know you will do something big, George, even though Samos is a poor place to do it in just now. Business is getting worse all the time. It's not much encouragement for a young man like you when his father's land is mortgaged..." he stroked his short beard with a slight sigh. "That paleokerasas Stefanou--if I don't pay him, he'll take all my land for nothing. But don't worry, Yorgo, so far I have kept up the accounts very close. There is no danger yet."

This was news to George--that Stefanou had a mortgage on his father's land, but he made no comment. He had known that the two were never friendly, had rival stores, belonged to rival political parties, and had taken opposite sides on every community problem. That they had any business in common was surprising and disheartening. But after all, the mortgage was his father's business; he

could say nothing. He could feel, however, a burning determination to help in some way that would pay off the mortgage quickly.

For minutes he stared unseeingly at the book before him. Visions of what life would be like if he and his family were rendered homeless marched across his mind. Life would not be pleasant; day labor for others in Samos, besides being poorly paid, was viewed with contempt. Everybody who was somebody had his ancestral plot of ground held or acquired by his family through years of planning and toil. There was no room left for those who did not own land.

"Do you suppose," ventured the boy as his father continued eating "That if we lost our land we could go to some other country where things are better? There are big cities like Constantinople and Smyrna where once can always make a living."

"That may be all right for you, my boy, but I'm too old to change my way of life now," the father sighed heavily. "I've traveled to Smyrna, Chios, and Mytilene, but never did I find such a pleasant place to live as Samos. Here the soil is fruitful, the weather is mild, there is little interference from the Turks. But for you it's different--you're young. The whole world is your hunting ground."

Demetrios Marmoras wiped his beard for the last time and turned to stare reflectively in the fire that leaped in the little grate. Long minutes passed as George again became engrossed in his book; yet the historical figures seemed meaningless when confronted in his mind with real-life problems. Silence hung heavy; the flames gradually withered away to embers, a slight chill began to creep in the room. As one coming out of a dream the father at length turned his head.

"You know, Yorgo," he began reflectively, "Every one makes his own life the way he wants it. Just for example, something which I did when I was hardly more than your age made my life what it is today. Did I ever tell you the story of my travels as a boy?" When George shook his head, the father hitched one knee over the other and edged his chair closer to the fire. A reminiscent smile lingered on his face as he went on:

"When I was at an age not much more than yours now, I too felt restless, dissatisfied with the plain life around here. I longed to go out into the world and make something of myself. Even though I didn't have much education, I thought I might get a start in a big town which would lead to a fortune.

"But also, like so many other young men, I was in love--not with any one girl, but with love itself. I thought that perhaps in my wanderings I might also find a beautiful wife besides acquiring wealth for myself. That was where I made my greatest mistake.

"I left Samos on one of my father's ships--one of those which later was seized by the pirates. We touched first at Kastron on the island of Chios. Truly if ever a country was in sad condition, it was Chios, a mere shadow of its former progress after the terrible massacres by the Turks. Yet they brought it on themselves by their cowardliness in waiting until the last minute to rebel. However,

we did some trading with the Chictes. While wandering in one of the streets whose shops were lately ravaged by the war, a tall, European-dressed man spoke to me. He addressed me in Greek and asked if my parents had been killed, and whether I would like to go to America with him.--I was a fine-looking boy then, much like yourself. I told him the truth and he went on his way. You might call that a mistake, because at that time wealthy Americans were adopting the orphans of Chics and taking them back to America to be raised as their own children. But I did not know it at the time.

"The next port was Smyrna where my father had some Turkish friends with whom he did business. I was a guest at the house of Hussein Aga for three weeks. During that time I became well acquainted with his two sons who were handsome boys with faces like full moons. But I hardly ever saw his two daughters who were always heavily veiled and lived in the harim part of the house--but I could see their eyes which were like stars.

"Hussein took a great liking to me, often saying he wished he had me for a son.. One day he took me out to a big house on the outskirts of Smyrna surrounded by acres and acres of vineyards for which the country is famous. He showed me through the whole two stories of the house with its palatial rooms, canopied beds, red-tiled floors, roof garden, and high railed balconies. 'All these,' said Hussein waving his arm, 'are yours if you will marry my daughter, Zuleika. You shall live here in Smyrna and become one of the richest men in the country. I am doing this not only because I like you, but because I know your father who is one of the best men I ever had as a friend. What do you say?'

"Naturally I was astounded, but I did not wish to marry the girl although she must have been remarkably beautiful. To avoid offending my friend, I told him that I needed more time to think it over, and went back to the ship. We sailed from there to Mytilene. There, at Peramo, I again had opportunities for marriage with a handsome dowery. Yet something kept me back--like instinct, or fate.

"Finally, disappointed after visiting many other ports, I returned to Samos. But instead of returning directly to Castanea as my associates expected me to do, I hired a donkey and traveled into the eastern part of this island. After several days I reached a little town, hardly more than a road end at which I stopped for the night at the house of a farmer. While eating, I noticed that he had three daughters, all lovely. However, I immediately fixed my eye on one, Maria. Her eyes were blue like my own; her long hair was like flowing honey. Before the night was over, I had asked the father for her hand.

"'But she is my youngest daughter,' he remonstrated. 'Come, how would you like Sophia who is well-trained in housework as a wife should be. She is my oldest daughter and the first to be married.'

"But I was persistent in desiring the youngest daughter, and, as he would not consent, I was determined to leave the next morning alone. During the night, Maria came to my room and begged me to take her with me secretly when I left. I finally consented, but we were fortunately spared the difficulties of an elopement when the father changed his mind the next morning. Maria, as you probably guessed, is your mother. She brought me no dowery as the daughter of Hussein would have, or any

of the others. But I have had a fairly happy life and have nothing to regret.

"For you, Yorgo, the situation is different. You are living in a new age of progress; you can see that once I have in to marriage I had to return and settle down to this country life. My word to you is: Beware of women; they spread their nets like spiders to catch men in their toils. Their deep eyes are whirlpools where men are lost, and their kisses are quicksand. If you would build up your fortune to greatness, keep away from women; think only of the future."

The silence that followed found George, chin in hand, staring fixedly at the fire whose dying embers were sending up expiring sparks.

Chapter 2.

A hot breath from the far Sahara region awakened villagers on the morning of the day when the great wedding was to take place. The baked earth was already sending up little eddies of heat when guests began arriving on the grounds of the Defteris mansion. They were thankful that the deciduous chestnut trees had not dropped all of their yellowing leaves; and they stood about in the checkered shade gossiping, waiting for the ceremonies to commence.

Like most of the country weddings, it was to be an open-air affair. Toward the rear of the house lambs were already being roasted on spits by servants. At one ~~xxx~~ side of the frontal grounds stood a long table with benches prepared for the wedding feast. A smaller table nearby was for the musicians, children, and servants who seemed to be lumped into the same category. At the other side, near the house, was a small table draped with black cloth which was to serve as an altar during the ceremony.

Occasionally new guests would arrive, some on horseback, some on mules which are a favorite means of conveyance in Samos, and a rare few in horse-drawn carts. These latter, as was evident from their gaudy attire, were notables of the village and neighboring ones. All the guests, for that matter, were decked out in the ultimate finery they possessed, ranging from Eighteenth Century hoopskirts and high-necked blouses for the women worn only by the richest to the simple colored skirts and shirt-waists and hand-embroidered sleeveless jackets of the poorer. All wore as many as possible rings, earrings and necklaces.

Most of the men wore their foustanelles, white. Cossack-style blouse, sleeveless jacket, and many-pleated white skirt reaching to the knee like that of a ballet dancer. The high stockings ended in shoes of the Turkish variety with a red puff-ball on the toe. This is the national costume of Greece although no soldiers wear it now except the ruler's picked guards. There was much variety, however, among the poorer guests; some wore leather kilts, some wore leather leggings instead of stockings, and some even ventured to appear in bowler hats instead of the traditional slouch hat resembling an American overseas cap.

Of children there swarms, dressed for the most part as miniature replicas of their parents. They ran everywhere, over everything, screaming, laughing, playing, shamelessly soiling their carefully prepared dresses.

Arriving by mule back, the Marmoras family attended the wedding in part; that is, the older brothers had as usual slunk away early in the day to resume card games in the doffee house with their cronies. In dress, Demtrios and his wife, George and his sister Eleni were much the same as the others of the poorer class. However, Demetrius walked with a certain erect pride that instantly set him off as one who had had authority in his time. He had been, in fact, constable of Castanea for a good many years until displaced by a friend of the all-powerful Stefanou.

When he had first received the invitations, George's father had been doubtful. He had scanned the two sides of the missile, on one an invitation signed by the family of the bride, and on the other signed by the bridegroom as he had no family present to issue the invitation. As he was not acquainted with any of the people mentioned, he had made enquiries as to who this Defteris was. Upon learning that he was wealthiest mill-owner in Marathokampes, he supposed a little egotistically that Defteris had heard of his reputation and was bent on making friends with him for business reasons. That his son, George, had anything to do with the invitation, he had not the faintest suspicion.

A short, plump man with silvery hair greeted them as they secured their mounts to a tree. He introduced himself as John Defteris, father of the bride, shook the hand of each with mechanical courtesy, and circled away to meet other guests. Of Dina, George saw nothing, but supposed that she was inside the house getting ready for the ceremonies.

Standing here and there in little knots guests talked and gossiped with one another. Affairs like weddings provide never-failing sources of new gossip. It has never been demonstrated whether Greek men or women are the more inclined to this back-yard talk--although so far, the men seem to have the advantage. Knowing what one's neighbors are doing is the essence of life to both.

Listening, George could hear snatches of conversation like this: "They say he is a symboullographos (notary public) from Athens and his father is a councilor of state".... "I heard he's an army officer thrown out for selling military secrets, now trying to get a wealthy wife".... "They claim she's a virgin, but I know those girls too well; her mother will have to put chicken's blood on the sheet before she hangs it out tomorrow".... "She's known him a long time since she went to Athens; don't you think she looks a little too big in the stomach?".... "It was love at first sight; they were corresponding for years; now they are going to Athens where ~~his~~ father is undersecretary of foreign affairs"...

George wondered if, and when, he should marry, they would discuss his most private affairs in this way. But he was no rich man's son to think of an easy marriage. He must go far before he could even consider such a step. With a feeling of great distance he watched the further preparations; saw the black-robed priest arrive with his surpliced acolytes. And he crowded with the others in a mass before the ritual table where the priest was lighting his censer and opening a great silver-bound book.

Without more ado, the bridal party marched from the house to a position in front of the table, the bride in glittering white train, the bridesmaids in shorter white dresses, and the bridegroom, oddly enough, in European full dress. The father and mother of the bride stood back a little in the front row of the assembly.

The bearded priest swung his censer to indicate that the ceremony was in progress, but this did not in any way hush the babble of noise that still arose from the crowd. A jay-bird cawed to another in the trees in the warm sunshine. The priest was reading from the big book held before him by an acolyte; people whispered or coughed, babies cried and were hushed. George at the fringe of the crowd could now see

Stefanou standing arrogantly near the front with his entire family about him.

Now, as the priest continued his chanting intonations, began that characteristic ceremony of the Greek Orthodox Church known as the changing of the wreaths. The matron of honor, standing behind the bride and groom held in each hand a wreath of orange blossoms joined together by a ribbon. These she placed upon the head of each ~~in turn~~ for a few moments and then alternated by lifting them off, crossing her arms so that the wreath of one lay upon the head of the other; and she continued this for some time. The priest, meanwhile, read from the book and the accolyte sagged under its weight. George had attended church many times, on and off, yet he had never been able to understand the meaning of the priest's chant. Although he had been told that any one who studied the koinon or Byzantine Greek could follow it, he had contrarily concluded that for some hidden reason it was not meant to be understood. Like most Greeks, he possessed a characteristic indifference and easy tolerance of things religious. To them it is a routine mummery that must necessarily accompany every social function.

Finally the priest closed the book with a bang and kissed it. He joined the hands of the bride and groom, and then, holding the latter by the hand drew the pair after him as he circled the table in a march that was half dance. This was the signal for friends to shower rice and confetti on the three indiscriminately with all the pent-up energy and clamor of the two-hour wait. Meanwhile the father, mother, brothers, and sisters of the bride as well as the bridesmaids lined up to one side and guests began to pass them and congratulate them.

Cries of "Singharitiria" (congratulations) were heard on every hand. Every one had first to shake hands with the father, then with all the others in turn, repeating the same formula. At the end of the line the bride had to face a wall of crowding lips of those who wished to exercise that prerogative; the bridegroom was surrounded by men attempting to give him good advice. He endured the blundering repetitions with a patience that was miraculous.

The Marmoras family, too, passed through the ceremonial channel; George noticed standing beside the bride's father one of the bridesmaids with large dark eyes which smiled when they looked into his. Yes it was Dina, but a Dina hardly recognizable in smooth white gown, ribboned cap, and carefully smoothed hair. As he passed by mumbling his congratulations, she leaned forward and whispered thrillingly, "Kai sta thika sou!"--And to yours (wedding).

ii.

It was wine time along the great banquet board of the marriage feast. This meant that the masticha (Greek spirits) cordial had been downed, vast quantities of roast lamb consumed together with innumerable stalks of celery, bowls of pickled black olives, small green onions, white salty Greek cheese, and slabs of vasilopito (cake bread). Now the rich Samian wine was served from wicker demijohns and every one was greasy-fingered, happy, and a trifle tipsy.

When wine has warmed his stomach, the average Greek naturally feels

like making a speech. The process of speechmaking is a necessary climax to every occasion and it also serves as a measure of social importance. The guests are called upon in order of their standing. The toastmaster, in this instance, was Stefanou.

He was a big man, Stefanou, big-jowled and fat faced, with close-cropped, spike-like hair. With bull neck and enormous mouth he resembled a gross, unjovial Falstaff. His voice, ordinarily a low rumble, became a roar when he occasionally raised it to drive home a point.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he began ceremonially, giving in Greek fashion the precedence to the male gender, "We have seen today a most auspicious marriage between this beautiful girl, Sambrosini Defteris, and this successful and most aristocratic young man, Nikolaos Economou. It is my privilege, my pleasure, to act as toastmaster, something I am always glad to do at any time for my old friend and koumparos, Ioannis Defteris, this merchant prince of Samos, this captain of industry..." and so on through a rambling praise of the principals in the wedding followed by a disjointed moral discourse on the sanctity of marriage, during which he roared and repeatedly smashed one heavy fist into his palm for emphasis. After he had talked at considerable length, he called upon others to talk, beginning with notables of Castanea and Marathokampos such as the mayor, school-teacher, priest, and others.

George became more and more nervous as time passed and his father was not called. His father, he knew, had long been considered an outstanding figure in Castanea for his public service in time of the Zebek raids and his leadership of the liberal party in the region. The slight began to chafe the boy's youthful pride; occasionally he glanced up at his father questioningly, but the latter remained, however, impassive. He felt a trifle relieved when, during a lull in the speeches, he saw old Defteris glance in his father's direction and lean over to whisper to Stefanou. But the latter continued to call on others down the line until the boy felt the crowning insult had been reached when he came finally to Harilaos--the village fool of Castanea!

Feeling he could endure it no longer; turning to his father he whispered fiercely: "Are you going to stand for a slight like that--aren't you going to say something?"

The elder Marmoras looked down at the hot flushed face of his son surprised. Then he smiled; he whispered back: "If you let things like this worry you, my boy, you'll be worried the rest of your life. You don't know the Greeks yet. But just remember, some day our time will come when we can play the same game with them. Here--" he offered him a Turkish sweet, "have some baklava and forget it, enjoy yourself."

The orchestra had now assembled, the violinist and zither-player sitting on a little bench, the clarinetist squatting on the ground. The opening strains of "Samiotissa", the song of the Samian girl, was the signal for all the people present to join in the singing. Then, however, the music changed to "Politikos Syrtos", every one got up from the table, laughing and happy, to join hands in the national dance. Men and women indiscriminately held hands and circled around on the grounds in the steps of the dance, while the leader whirled, stamped, and kicked up his feet at the head of the line as the leaders of Greek dances always do. At intervals he would shout "Hawpa", or "Yasou Yanni", or some other

enthusiastic exclamation.

George had managed to get beside Dina while the people were taking their places. Occasionally they glanced shyly at each other but had no opportunity to talk. He ventured once to squeeze her hand; and she answered by clasping his enthusiastically. When the music changed to "Skoutari Hasapiko," George and Dina put their arms over the others' as did all the rest to those on each side of them--three steps around, left foot up and down with a swinging motion, right foot tapped left of other, and three steps around again. Faster and faster played the blood-warming rhythm, sounding like a selection from Rimsky-Korsakoff, half oriental, half Slavic. Faster and yet faster danced the celebrants in an abandon of sound and movement. Abruptly the music stopped leaving the dancers laughing and gasping for breath. Truly this Skoutari butchers' dance is the most pleasurable for sheer joy of movement.

Dina pulled the boy a little aside. "My sister and her husband are going to do the 'Nisiotiko' (islanders' dance) alone together now," she whispered. "Shall we go somewhere else and talk?"

His hand gripped hers in assent. Unnoticed they slipped out of the crowd, out of the dusty grounds where horses and mules were hitched, out through chestnut groves, past fields of yellowed oat stalks to the side of a rushing stream. A half decayed log served the two as a seat.

"This is a pleasant spot," she rested her chin on her hands and gazed into the tinkling water. "I often come here alone when my parents think I'm playing with the other children. Do you ever go off by yourself alone?"

"Many times," he answered. "I've hiked through the forests beyond the ridge of Castanea where no one else goes--they say the Zebeks hide there sometimes, but I've never seen any. There I can think and imagine all the things I'd like to have happen. Do you ever do that?"

She turned to look at him. "Always. I think about how some day I shall be married and go to some other part of Greece to live--but in my dreams, the marriage is for love."

"Why I thought all marriages were for love," he turned to her, surprised. "What else could they be for?"

She smiled pityingly and George thought he could see a deep sadness behind her clear young eyes. "I guess you don't understand yet. You see, when a girl is young as I am she may have some friends and have some very romantic times together. But that time is soon over. The father finds some family with which he wants to become related and fixes up a marriage for her with the son of that family no matter how old or mean he is. That's the end of her. After the wedding she becomes another wife in another house for the rest of her life. Don't you see why I come here by myself and dream that he will be a man I can love?"

For a while George did not answer. With a stick he scratched the ground at his feet. Finally he looked up. "Do you see that line down there?" he pointed with his stick. "That's Egypt far across the sea. I wonder if things are different there? I wonder if there's anywhere that people can do things the way they want, just to make themselves

happy? Everything here is fixed; you can't change it; you can just suffer it and keep on trying to stand it--but I won't stand for it. Some day I'm going there--" he pointed to Egypt, "And far beyond--where everybody has the same chance."

"You're the first person that ever talked to me like that," her eyes brightened. "I'd love to go there too. Do you think there's any chance for me to get away from here?" Then her face fell. "But I'm only a girl--what chance have I got? I must stay here and learn sewing and cooking and wait for my father to give me away to some man...."

"Never give up courage, Dina," consoled the boy. "Everybody has a chance if he only takes it. When I'm walking through the forest I can think of dozens of ways to do what I want, but something always holds me back. I have to think of my father who is the best father a son could have. He has so many troubles of his own it would be cruel to leave him now."

"I'd love to go with you some time when you hike in the forest," her tone was a little more hopeful. "Together we might plan out something to make us happy--don't you think so?" Her eyes veiled an invitation. George, looking into her eyes felt his heart pound suddenly in a peculiar sensation. Strange! He had never felt this way before when he was with a girl, but he had never talked this intimately with a girl before. Embarrassment flushed his cheeks and neck. Her hand slid alongside his own. Awkwardly he clasped it, feeling it pulse warmly and strangely in his own.

"I'd like to have you come too," he mumbled confusedly. "But I never have much time now. I work in the store nearly all the time... But next Tuesday I can get off because my father takes care of the store that day..."

"Good! Then I'll tell my mother I'm going to see my grandmother Katsoules in Castanea--she'll never find out I haven't been there for my grandmother is deaf and half blind--and meet you to go for a hike. But where shall I meet you?"

George thought for a while. It was hard to think of a place where neither would be observed by gossiping villagers. "Did you notice the big stone," he said finally, "that sticks out of the ground half way up the hill from the church of Castanea?" She nodded assent, and he continued: "Well, right above there is the path I take to go into the woods. We can rest behind the stone and nobody can see us from there until we are far away. I always take along something to eat--do you think you can bring something?"

"Of course. I'll be there early in the morning Tuesday and I'll bring a bag with cheese and coulounra and halva (white candy). And I won't have to be back until night. But now I think we ought to get back to the party. We're going to dance all night tonight, my father promised, and the orchestra may even play some European dance music. Have you ever danced that way?...I'll show you how..."

Together they returned, taking care to appear separately. The bride was now leading the long circle of dancers to the lively strains of "O Mortes". Dina and George joined at the end of the line.

Chapter 3.

Euthemia Defteris, wife of John Defteris and mother of his four children was up early in spite of the bitter January cold. She had been up late the night before, as indeed, she had been every night of the past few years. It was her boast that she never stopped working, that even when she lay in bed too tired to sleep she would get up occasionally to look at the children and see that things were right in the house. Inclined to plumpness in her middle forties, her figure kept its medium proportions by the wearing down process of constant activity. If her heart would occasionally palpitate, flutter in her breast like a wounded bird, that was her own secret and she kept it. Always the first to rise in the morning, she made it her practise to strike the large gong in the hall to awaken the household.

The frosty crowing of a rooster behind the house mingled with the getting-up noises of the inhabitants and the bray of the mules in the barn combined with the scant white light to form the complete picture of winter morning. Dina arose grudgingly from the warm blankets of the hard, straw-ticked bed. The day, she knew, would be filled with work and any minutes that she might linger in her bed was stolen happiness. Yet she at last arose and slipped off her long white nightgown, and shivering, put on her dress and jacket for the day. There was a mirror in the hall before which she combed her long wavy hair and knotted it at the back of her head. Face and hand washing was done in a basin on a bench beside the well in the back yard. She always hated that drwaing of water from the well; her hands were chapped and cold as she turned the big windlass. After washing she had to carry heavy iron buckets of water to the house whose freezing contents splashed on her bare legs at the least incautious movement.

This was the morning for making bread. The father had brought five sacks of flour the night before from the mill. The leavening was kept in large earthenware jugs. Now that her elder sister was married and gone, it was Dina's duty to supervise the bread-making in the large kneading trough built into the kitchen wall. She began by ordering her two younger sisters, Stavroula and Aliki, to pour the flour out into the trough while she stirred in the milk and water and gradually added the yeast. Then she and the others joined in to knead the batter, a process that made knuckles red and raw, but which they went at with considerable vigor.

"Why do we have to make bread today, Dina?" asked Stavroula who was in the midst of that annoying period known as the question-asking age. "We have some left over from last time."

"Oh, you know why," answered the eldest, "This is our day of the two-weeks to use the founo (large public oven in the village square) and if we don't make it today, we won't have enough to last until next time. Here, try and get the lumps out of the dough on your side."

Temporarily squelched, Stavroula impishly asked after a short pause, "Why is mother making lace again on the copanelya (wooden lace-making device)? She put the other lace on the bed-linen which she gave Proso when she went away with her husband. Are you going to get married?"

Dina colored. Her hand shot out and slapped the other girl across the mouth. "You little fool, can't you mind your own affairs!" she cried. Stavroula stepped back in astonishment at this display of temper, then, regaining her wits, darted out of the room screaming that her sister was beating her.

The mother was sitting in the front room idly combing the soft wool on her distaff preparatory to spinning it into thread, when the girl reached her. She kept the wooden frame of a loom in a corner and near her on the table was the wooden rack and little wooden batons called the copanelya by whose intricate shuttling of thread lace was made. She looked up surprised as Stavroula entered with reddened face--she had been vigorously slapping her face to make sure her mother would notice it.

"Metera, Dina tried to kill me, she hit me in the face for no reason.."

"For no reason, Lula? But you must have said something that made her angry. You know she never hits you for nothing," The mother always maintained the family practise that the older should control the younger children, making it necessary for her to train only the oldest.

"I only asked her if she was going to get married and she nearly knocked my teeth out. See, this tooth here is loosened....Why doesn't she like me to talk about whether she's going to get married or not?"

Euthemia Defteris arose. "Be quiet, Lula, and stay out of the way." In her mind, trained to such situations both by gossip and by family experience, was forming the opinion that Dina was in love. Love, she knew, subjected one to such little outbursts of temper. If the girl was in love, she must find it out immediately and also the name of her paramoor, so that by informing his family she could have the matter ended quickly. Love matters, she had found by long experience, were the hardest of all to handle and must be quickly settled in the beginning. It would never do to have Dina marry some ordinary boy of the village--what would the high-placed relatives of the family say!

She went to the kitchen where Dina and the smallest girl were still kneading, now in silence. "Go out and fill up the water tank for the day, Alikí," commanded the mother. "Now," turning to Dina, as the smallest girl departed, "The bread making can wait until I have had a talk with you. Come into the front room."

Silently the girl followed her mother wondering if the latter would scold her for slapping Stavroula. But she had never done so before. Perhaps it was about something different, something about her and....but how could that be possible. She and George had used the utmost care in their weekly meetings not to be seen and never mention the other to any one else. No, it must be something different. Determined to keep this secret from any danger of discovery, she entered the room behind her mother and seated herself on the imported chaise longue, the only touch of luxury the room possessed. She leaned forward expectantly.

"Have you been feeling well?" asked the mother picking up the distaff and looking at it critically as if it were what she was principally interested in.

"Why yes," Dina answered wonderingly. "I'm well just now."

"I was just thinking that lately you've been acting very strangely," the mother had decided on a strategic flank attack. Something in the mother's half-smiling, expectant manner warned Dina to be silent.

"Sometimes you sit staring at your plate without eating, sometimes I speak and you do not answer for a while. At night you look out at the stars leaving your duties undone. But I know what's wrong with you," her smile was knowing. She leaned forward and whispered confidentially, "Why don't you tell me who he is?"

"Who?.." Dina started, her cheeks burning under her healthy tan. "But I don't know what you mean."

"Oh yes you do," there was a slight edge to the smooth voice this time. "Your mother should know his name. Do you love him; is he of this village?....You may not answer now, but if you don't I shall find out all the same and when I do it will go harder with you. Your father will have something to say about it then..."

At this moment there was a slight distraction from the conversation at hand. A noise like a scrape or scuffle gradually became more perceptible outside in the hall where the door stood half open. In the crack between door and wall one large eye could be seen peering earnestly at the two. The mother rose swiftly, and although there was a frantic scramble behind the door, she reached behind and brought into view the squirming Stavroula who had been eavesdropping.

"Aie! Metera! let me go. I didn't know it was a secret!" the sharp cries were prompted by sharp twinges from the ear by which her mother held her. Upon release, however, she blurted a little defiantly, "Besides, if you want to find out who Dina loves, you had better ask me."

"What!" the other two were simultaneously astonished--the one chagrined and the other elated. The mother gripped both the girls firmly by the arm. Determined to bring the matter to a head at once, she said, "Go on, Lula; tell me all you know about Dina and her friend."

The girl wilted a little under Dina's stare of pure hatred but she nevertheless spoke in a lowered voice and slowly: "I know what he looks like. He is the boy she danced with at the wedding. She thought I didn't see her, but I saw them go off together and they came back a long time later. And now, because I asked her if she was going to marry him she slapped me, and look how my tooth is loosened--it's almost out!" The last was a wail as she flattened back her lip to reveal the injured part.

"But what is his name?" pursued the mother ignoring her offspring's complaint. "Without that what you tell me is of no use."

The girl was silent for a moment while Dina's heart almost stopped beating. Then she continued: "I don't really know his name, but I could recognize him anywhere. He has yellow hair and..."

"Never mind," snapped the mother disappointed. "I'll have something to say to you later. Run along now. Dina, I'm going to tell you a few

things that may surprise you; but I believe you are old enough now to know them. Now, now, child, don't cry--be strong like your family. Remember that the Kondulakes people--my parents--were Turkophagoi (Turk-eaters, or rather killers) and also the Defteris side. We fight for what we get and we don't give up without a struggle. But listen...."

ii

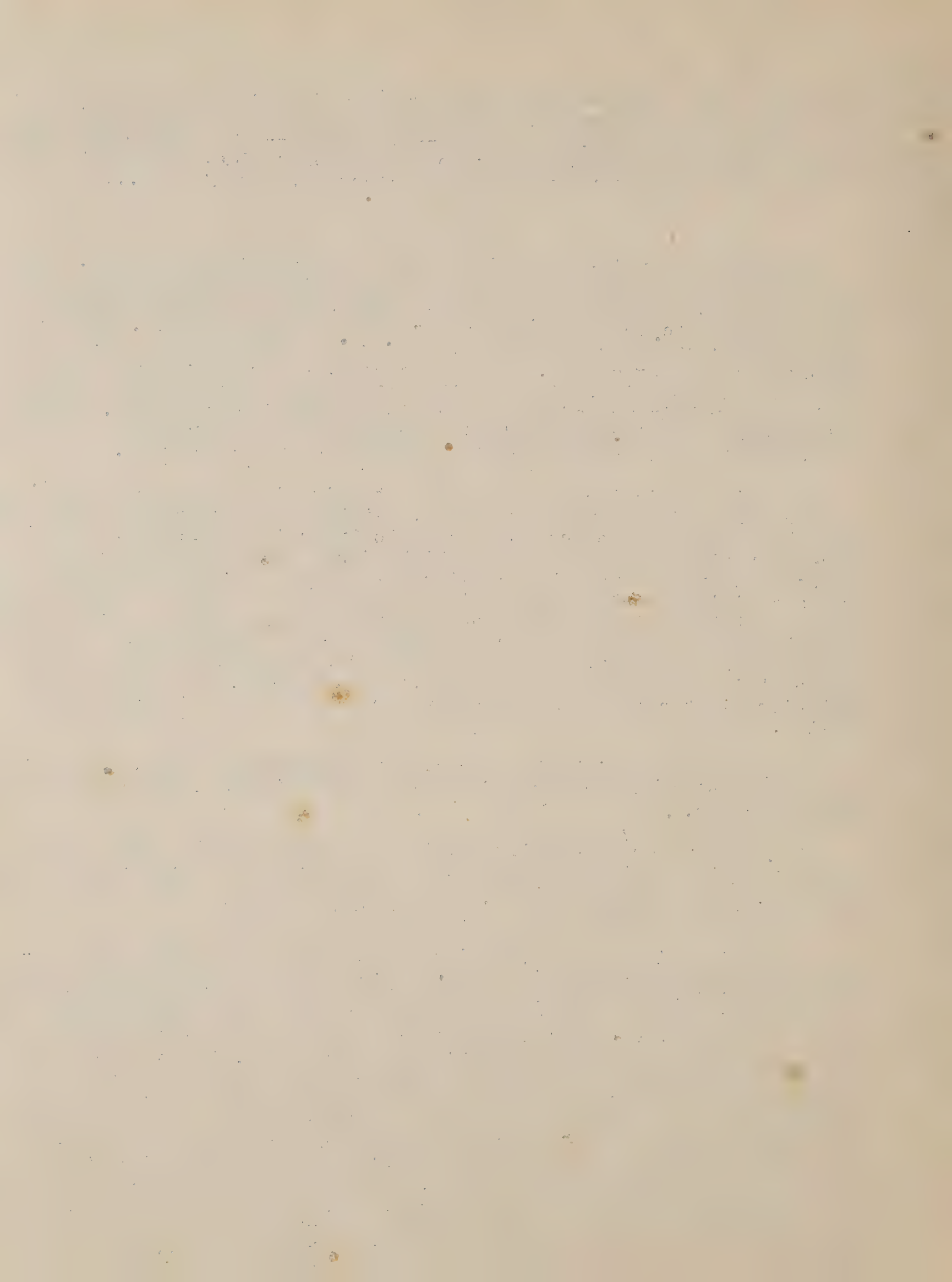
Freshness of rain-swept air cooled the hinterland of Samos. The stately legions of quilt-like clouds sailed high overhead allowing occasional yellow flashes of sunlight--flashes that reflected palely in the polished pitchers and jugs of the women of Castanea who came to fill their vessels at the village well. The younger women wore jaunty skirts and blouses of many colors. The older ones, especially those widows who were still in mourning, of which there were many, wore black. Nearly all had their hair rolled up in back in the Grecian knot; and, indeed, as they bore the pitchers on their shoulders in easy graceful postures, they resembled the ancient Grecian maidens portrayed on urns.

On this particular day women were talking in hushed tones of the new war declared on Turkey by Greece. It had been launched in the vain hope that the great powers would come to Greece's assistance. The inspired devotion of certain great philhellenes such as Lord Byron and others of western Europe had convinced the Greeks at last that the mass of the civilized world stood solidly behind them. Alas, it was not the masses, but the oligarchic networks above them that ruled. Greece was to be thrown to the wolves for the benefit of all concerned. The navy put up a gallant fight. The untrained recruits battled the Turks in the mountains of Epirus and Thessaly. At any moment the call for conscription might come to the islanders to disturb their peaceful way of life.

"Why should we fight the Turks, our neighbors?" asked one woman. "Before we joined Greece everything was much better. But now all they give us is war."

"All the prices are going up, too," another added. "Why a sack of flour costs eighteen Drachmae now and sheep cost twice as much as before. If this keeps up we'll all be starving soon." She shook her head in a fatalistic gesture and took up her jug of water.

Meanwhile high on the hillside behind the great jagged rock resembling some ancient gothic castle, Dina met George once more. The boy had been waiting for hours. To amuse himself he had been climbing the crevices and peaks of the rock, wetting his feet and knees in the little hollows where water from the recent rain had gathered. He loved to reach the summit of the mass and feel himself above life, to look down on the multifarious doings in the great valley of Samos spread out below and imagine himself soaring calmly and superbly over all. How petty and trivial the every day things looked from this height: there were pigmy-like men with mule teams hauling loads of wood up the glistening-wet roads; women bobbing over a stream beating the dirt out of clothes with paddles; there were children scurrying back to the toy school house for the tinkling two o'clock bell had rung. They would remain until five. At sight of them, George felt a twinge of doubt of his own superiority--they were learning from books, getting far ahead of him...But he would learn from life, he would be the richer for his practical experience.



Down the winding path below he glanced to a small toiling figure climbing upward. Dina! It was she at last! The sight of her slowly approaching made him realize more keenly how much she meant to him. With her in the last few weeks he and she had talked over their lives, their problems, their hopes and ambitions. They had talked everything out until there remained between them that content of understanding of the other's personality in which no word need be spoken. Her eyes for him were wells of mystery and promise that made his insides feel like an aching vacuum. For her part, she depended on him as her confidant to whom she must carry the burden of the week so that he might dispell it with his frank, hopeful humor. In all her doubts and qualms she fancied him as calm and unperturbed as the rock on which they met.

On George's face came an eager smile as he leaped nimbly down the rocks to meet the girl. But as she rounded into view, the smile vanished; Dina's face was anxious and tear-stained.

"Why, what's the matter, my little bird?" he asked solicitously. "Have you been crying?"

She flung herself down beside him on the damp turf and sobbed unrestrainedly while he tried, though not knowing the cause of her grief, to comfort her. Man-like, he felt himself helpless in the presence of tears. He pushed back the soft masses of hair and lifted her streaked face with his hand under her chin. It reminded him of that first time they had met in the store and the strangeness of his present familiarity suddenly came back to him. But now she sat up wiping her eyes and gazed at him with a sorrow not mature enough to be deep, yet girlishly wistful and tragic.

Haltingly she told him how her mother had questioned her, had suspected a secret love affair, and given her a very frank talk comparing men to animals. On this latter part, her mind had drawn a veil for, as she did not completely understand it, it was easy to forget. However, the general impression of the whole thing was ugly and dragged down her sweet feeling of peace with George on the mountainside into the sordid mire. Finally her mother had told her never, under penalty of severe punishment from the father, to see this lover again whoever he might be. Her father had already gone over a list of prospective son-in-laws and would brook no interference with his choice.

George, as he saw the look of resignation that came over her face at these final words--that resignation to life all too-familiar in Greek women who must live with some one not of their own choosing--grasped the girl by the hand. "Come," he said. He pulled her to her feet, and, without looking back, led upward along the steep path into the hills and forest of resinous pine trees. There, among those pines where they had often come during the last few weeks, they always had a sense of being cut off from the world of strife, as of being able to face life's problems coolly from a distance. The brush grew denser and the light that sifted down between the towering pines dimmer as they progressed. Finally, tired, they sat themselves down on a mossy bank by a little stream that trickled out of the high water tables of the mountain, fresh and clear.

For a while neither broke the cathedral silence of the place. The boy, after his first burst of emotion, had calmed externally. Yet some-



thing of iron had crept into his soul--a determination not to be vanquished by outside circumstances. When Dina had first shown her love for him, it had given him confidence in himself: now that ~~when~~ she seemed helpless and dependent on his judgement for guidance she was the incentive for a feeling of omnipotence in him, a faith in himself that he could carry all before him.

"Never worry about what your mother says. She can't separate us if we are determined to stick together." His arm went around her shoulders, "We belong to each other, don't we? It may take years, and I may have to travel to a distant land before I can marry you, but you'll wait, won't you?"

The girl answered a trifle doubtfully, "Of course. But you don't know my mother. It's very hard to oppose her when she makes up her mind--even my father is careful never to go against her wishes. I don't know what I'd do if she asked me to marry some one."

"But aren't you sure we love each other? That's all that counts. I may leave Samos soon for a year or two, but when I come back I shall have plenty of money and can then ask your father to let me have you. You won't mind the waiting, will you?"

Her attitude of sullen brooding became more pronounced. "I don't know," she answered shortly.

"Why you're not angry with me for wanting to go and make my fortune, are you? Can't you understand it's the only way. I've got to get ahead so that I can make both your parents accept me, don't you see?"

"Go, if you like then," her eyes refused to meet his.

He could not understand her attitude. A heat was rising within him at the cool way in which she heard his ambitious plans. He could not know that the girl, instinctively more worldly-wise, foresaw the inevitable failure of such plans. But woman-like, she did not venture to offer advice in something she felt to be out of her sphere. Therefore, her silence which he did not understand merely irritated him.

He stood up, fists clenched. "Have you changed because of your mother--because she has the power to ruin our lives? Good, then I have changed too. I can be as unfeeling as you--but I shall go on with my plans, I shall return to Samos wealthy...." he broke off as his words rang a trifle foolishly in his own ears. They started as if by common consent back along the dim path that led out of the forest, neither talking. The boy was by turns angry and repentent. When in the latter mood, the girl's continued silence and apparent lack of understanding goaded him to fresh anger. Then his thoughts would turn to their just-ripening romance, her smile--sad sweet smile as they talked of their future--and his heart would melt within him.

They emerged from the forest at the crest of a little hill. Below lay Castanea, and far away, Marathokampos sleeping under its mantle of chestnut trees. Nearer on the hillside was the great rock again which knife-like would part them. Its sharp-pointed presence was like a stab to the heart of each. Involuntarily they turned toward each other. "Darling!" each cried as they clung together, both near to tears. Long minutes they stood thus, each attempting to comfort the other while the pain of their misunderstanding dissolved in the sweet words of mutual love.

"May I see you this Friday, Agapi mou?" he asked her. "I'll manage to get out of work that day some how. I can't bear to think of not seeing you for a whole week again." Evidently this lovers' quarrel had made their love seem more precious, more fragile to him.

"I'll try, Agori mou (agori--boy). But you know they will be watching me more closely now. I wouldn't be surprised if mother set my sisters to follow me. But I'll think of some excuse to get away from her thakamos and come here." She turned as a deep bell tolled below--the bell of the village church again, this time signalling the hour of four at which time George had to take leave of Dina every week and go to his father's store for the afternoon shift. The girl would go back to her grandmother's house and help around with the housework. Reluctantly they parted with a final, passionate, straining embrace, each taking a separate path down the mountainside below the rock.

When George reached the store, he found his father waiting for him. This was a pleasant surprise, for the boy suddenly felt he needed the presence of some one with whom he could talk, although as yet he had dared tell no one of his romance. But Demetrios Marmoras was not in his wonted spirits. The deep groove that came between his eyebrows when he was worried showed that all was not well with his world. "Yorgo," said he, "I have some things to tell you which you are now old enough to hear. Come, sit down near me and we will talk things over." He sighed heavily as he propped up a sack for a seat.

ii

Before he sat down, Demetrios Marmoras went behind the counter where he kept some of his personal belongings. He searched about for a moment, then withdrew a heavily wrapped object from the mysterious assortment always stored there. Unwinding the cover cloth, he revealed a Turkish argileh, or water pipe. This consisted of a large, wide-bottomed flask half filled with water. The stopper contained a miniature brazier that could be covered, down from which a glass tube extended to the bottom of the flask. From a point near the top of the flask, a glass jet protruded connected with a long rubber tube with a wooden mouthpiece at its extremity.

"Why Patera," exclaimed the boy, "you haven't smoked your argileh for a long time--not since you used to tell me those stories about Nastradin Honja. Are you going to tell me a story now?"

Before replying, the father set the argileh down in front of the sack he had chosen for a seat and ~~xxx~~ taking some whole, dried tobacco leaves from his pocket, crushed some of the pungent stuff in his fingers and placed it in the brazier. He lit the brazier and clamped down the lid. Experimentally he took a few puffs; at first there was nothing, then bubbles of hot smoke began to burgeon upwards in the flask, filling the air space, and being sucked whirling into the narrow tube. He let out a mouthful of smoke gratefully and rejoined:

"There are many stories of Nastradin Honja which I have told you. He was a wise old muezin and knew how to get out of difficult situations, sometimes by foolishness, sometimes by wit; but in the fix we are in now, I don't see how his example could help us..."

"But what fix are we in, Patera?" broke in the boy somewhat agitated by his father's intimation.

"Take it easy my boy. I shall tell a story about Nastradin Honja, and our own troubles can come later after our minds are cleared by this little tale.....

"Once," he continued as the boy hitched around in his seat restlessly, "Nastradin became very poor because he refused to work. One day his wife said to him, 'Today we have nothing to eat in the house because you are too lazy to go to the Mosque and work. What's the reason for your idleness?' Nastradin answered her: 'I'll tell you why I won't work. Some time ago when I was in bed a vision came to me. Allah spoke to me and he said that in a short time he would rain down money upon me from the sky because of the service I had given him. So I thereupon made up my mind not to work until He does so.'

"What nonsense," thought the wife. She went to her neighbor and told him the reason her husband did not work. The neighbor was himself a wealthy man and he conceived the idea of playing a trick on Nastradin, in order to make him work. He and the wife went secretly to a room over Nastradin's bedchamber and made a hole in the floor. Then, waiting until the former came home and went to bed, the neighbor poured handfulls of gold pieces through the hole.

"'Look, look, my wife,' shouted Nastradin, beside himself. 'What did I tell you? Did I not say that Allah would rain gold pieces upon me from Heaven?' But now the neighbor came in the room laughing and also his wife. The neighbor explained that he had just played a trick on him to make him work. He asked to have the money returned.

"'Oh no,' exclaimed Nastradin, turning to his wife, 'It couldn't be yours because I told my wife several days ago that I was expecting this money, didn't I.' The wife could say nothing as that was the truth, and the neighbor was much chagrined at losing both his joke and his money. 'Now,' said the wife, 'perhaps you will keep your promise and work.' 'What,' exclaimed her husband, 'Do you take me for a fool--now that I am rich, do you expect me to work?' So you see," pointed out the father, "by being foolish, Nastradin got what he wanted. But that does not help our case. We know that the Panagia does not rain money out of heaven; yet in three months, if our mortgage is not reduced, we will lose the house and most of our holdings in the valley."

The news that George~~x~~ dreaded had at last come. The issue had thrust up its head before him. It seemed to be waiting for him to make a decision. At the same time, he knew that decision must be made if he would ever be able to marry Dina. Of the latter, he would say nothing to his father, but would secretly work toward that end. With this in mind, he asked his father where it was most advisable to go to make ready money.

"To Egypt, undoubtedly," replied the father. "Egypt at present is enjoying peace under the Angli. Business is much better there than anywhere else. Also I have a friend who will take you into his store and give you a start. From there you can with your brains, get into any position on which you set your mind. I know you will succeed, my boy." The father had clearly transferred his own ambitions to his son, and the feeling of self-confidence he always felt for himself, he now ~~fix~~ had in the ability of the boy.

"With the salary you make in Damiette," continued the father, "I shall be able to keep the mortgage going until times get a little better, then, I shall be in a position to help you go into business for yourself in Egypt." He had finished smoking and began to clean the argile~~x~~ before putting it back in its wrapping. George, however, was sunk into a well of deep thought. Only now he realized what a complete change in his life this would mean. His nature shrank from the difficulties of the unknown. He had not as yet trained himself to face any situation. But something in his soul would not let him admit his fear. He bit his lip to keep the words back, yet he felt his eyes burn, and he turned his head quickly to keep his father from seeing the tears.

Meanwhile the latter talked on about the plans for his departure. He had rather counted on his son's going to Egypt in an emergency, for what better way was there to show filial love than in lending aid in a father's desperate need. He knew that George would not refuse; George had never shirked a task. A freight schooner was to leave the island the following week after taking on a cargo of wine and whole olives. On this George would sail to Egypt, perhaps touching a Crete or Cyprus on the way. From the time he landed in Egypt, his future would be up to him. His to make a solid and growing fortune if he were wise and

prudent.

It was growing dark as the two left the store and started homeward. Passing a shed in which vegetables were displayed in baskets, Marmoras bought several bunches of vleeta, an herb that grows like water-cress. As they started up the road again, their way was cut off by a tremendous flock of sheep whose bleating, steaming presence filled the narrow road for hundreds of yards. Boys ran around guiding the animals with their staves, while savage-looking shepherd dogs nipped at the heels ~~the~~ of the flock from the rear. For a few minutes George and his father had to stand in the living current of warm, wooly bodies. Then the flock passed on, just, thought George, as he would soon pass on to whatever fate awaited him far away.

At the house, Marmoras first told his wife about the plan. She said nothing then, but later, when she and the boy were alone, she hugged him to her breast, her eyes streaming. "Oh my boy, my boy," she pleaded, "take care of yourself in that terrible country. And write to me every week!"

Meanwhile she set about making some sweetmeats as if to solace the boy with them before his prospective trip. Upon any occasion of importance she made the well-known delicacies at which she was an expert. For namedays she made trigona and diples--honey rolls. On this occasion, she made kourambiades, butter cakes covered with powdered sugar. Since he had been a small child, George had stood around watching her at these preparations. He now watched her melt the butter, skim off the salt, mix in the flour which she sifted painstakingly by hand, and roll the creamy, yellow batter.

Then she poured handfulls of the vleeta into the boiling water of a large earthenware pot on the wood fire. George watched her, reflecting how natural it was to see her do this, and that he would probably never see her do this again when he went to Egypt.

The rather solemn mood of the household was intensified when the two older brothers came in. Panayotis immediately walked over to the father and whispered something, at which the latter looked at first unbelieving, and then downcast. The two brothers seemed to have some secret between them that filled them with an unholy glee. They whispered together continually, causing the remainder of the family to sit in uncomfortable silence.

Eleni set the table. Marmoras gestured for his sons to seat themselves. He appeared to be controlling himself, his calmness was somewhat strained. Yet when he spoke, it was with the same pleasant, half-humorous tones he always used.

"My sons," he began, "It will be some little time before your mother has the dinner cooked, for we are having roast lamb tonight. I am going to tell you a little story about Nastradin Honja that you may have heard before, but which has a useful lesson, not only for us but for the Greeks anywhere in the world.

"When Nastradin was old and felt himself about to die, he called his five sons to him and asked each one to bring with him a slender rod. When they had assembled, he took one of the rods in his hands

and spoke: 'It is nearly the time destined for me to pass on to my ancestors. I want you, my sons, however, to live and prosper in the world. Look at this wand in my hand; see, how easily I can break it when it is alone. Now, bring me the others, put them all together; and behold, not even the strongest man can break the bundle. Just the same as with you, my sons. If you stand together, no one in the world can do you a mischief--and what better combination can there be than brothers! But if you stand apart, then the world will crush you one by one. Just remember this after I am gone and act accordingly.'

The father finished speaking. The boys had time to reflect on this bit of wisdom, and soon, when supper was brought in, fell to with a will. Their father always had some bit of good advice which he usually clothed in the dressing of fable--that was the reason it lingered in their minds where harsh words or warnings would have been brushed aside. This policy pursued by Marmoras contrasted sharply with that of most other Greek fathers. They seldom advise, but punish sternly when wrong is committed.

Panayotis and Tassos who had at first looked expectantly from their father to George, now began to appear disappointed. They sulked through the meal, and at the end of it, hurried off to the town. While the mother and Eleni went into the kitchen to work, George and his father sat, as usual, by the fire, each silent and reflective.

Chapter 4.

It was a somber and threatening day when George loaded his few belongings into the mule cart that would take him to Vathi, the seaport. A crowd of villagers had gathered to see him off, and among them were his parents looking rather awkward and helpless. Many were the admonitions poured upon him from every direction, the oceans of advice that Greeks pour forth on any occasion. Most of the advice harped upon the desirability of his staying away from women, and "Dress up yourself; you're a man now," ad infinitum.

Most of the words trickled off his mind as the ocean spray from a rock. But he looked into his mother's eyes and saw the mute tears there, and he saw his father standing solemnly, his black beard bedraggled and slightly shot with grey. He felt the strands that bound their lives together being ruthlessly torn assunder, something destroyed that could never be replaced. Yet he felt too a strange excitement, a feverish anxiety to be on his way in search of those new and wonderful things the future held in store for him. Parting, he felt, was a sad burden like burying the dead--the sooner done the better.

At the last moment, when George got into the cart, his father gripped his arm in that powerful and tense grasp and whispered, "Remember just one thing Yorgo; ^RYou have always shown good judgment--use it when you get to Egypt, no matter what other people may tell you; and imitate what you see around you that is good, let others imitate the bad. And let me hear from you often....."

With the shouts and good wishes of the crowd, the lingering looks of his family, George started the mules off down the hill. The last he could see was his father waving over the heads of the people, his black beard flying. For a while he thought about passing Dina's house. But he knew he would not be welcome there. Besides he had told her his goodbye and the affair was settled. Resolutely he urged on the mules by snapping the reins. Let the villagers gape. They would soon find out through gossip where he was going.

Soon he was out of Castanea and on the road to Vathi by way of Marathokampos. The wide orchards stretched on either side of the narrow road with their legions of bare trees. Ahead lay the coast range of hills beyond which was the sea. By noon he had entered the forrested slopes of the mountains. The road was often blocked by boulders or fallen trees, and when encountering them, George had to climb down and push them off the road, sometimes with great difficulty. Then they would go crashing down among the underbrush of the canyons that yawned below. At other times he could hear rain-loosened boulders hurtling down the hillside both above and below, but none, fortunately, came near him.

The sun was declining as he broke out of the forest at the ridge for a first glimpse of the sea below. The exaltation of beholding the ocean from a distance is always new and wonderful to the Greeks. Like Xenophon, he would have shouted "Thalata, Thalata!" if he had thought in the poetic ways of the olden times. However, his heart stirred within him; for it meant to him--that great blue water below--the road to high adventure, strange lands, a different and greater life than he had ever known. Thus is always Youth seeking and going, while Age is holding and

retracing.

Around him the forest growth was beginning to steam in yellowish vapors from the recent rain. The mule cart plunged downward, and happily, on this side of the ridge, there were few obstacles as a gang of road workers paid by the government of His Highness Prince Karatheodori had recently passed. Now and then George passed a house or two hidden among the thick trees, and from around them rose the stench of wood odors from the great charcoal kilns nearby. Passing an overhanging cliff, he found himself suddenly on the narrow, wood-paved street of Vathi. Set close onto the streets were rows of narrow, blank-faced houses with second storey windows and balconies. Doors were heavily made and guarded by bolts and chains against the occasional or possible marauding expeditions of the Turks or other warlike peoples.

So steep at times was the downward road that it was built with shallow wooden steps over which the cart clattered deafeningly scaring a number of unwary chickens and geese that had slipped out of hidden back yards. Few people were about as the fishing fleet had not as yet returned for the day, but there were women, young and old, who squatted about doorsteps mending fishing nets. George could imagine that they were gossiping about him and his prospective voyage. He had been in Vathi only once before and that was when he was too young to remember--his baptism day. His godfather was his father's brother, Papatheodoros, a priest. He recalled this kindly and self-sacrificing man only faintly; for his uncle was not prominent because of his good works; in fact such deeds kept him obscure, for charity in itself was not a sufficient motive among the villagers to be respected properly.

The cart now came out onto the main plaza with its square government building at one end and the cathedral at the other. The church edifice, unlike the simple structures in the other villages, had a great dome over it and two spires in front on either side. Both buildings bore scars of fire from the times when the village had been looted and burned. In the equicenter of the government building was a small door, and toward this George approached after he had fastened the guide mule to a hitching post. A clerk in a stiff collar was seated behind a desk when he entered. The man was moving papers about with calculated slowness and did not look up for some time.

"I'm going to leave Samos," the boy spoke up rather boldly, "I was told to come here to get some papers signed."

The man looked up coldly. "Sit down here," he pointed to a chair beside the desk. "Fill out this form and return it with your birth-certificate and residence certificate signed by two witnesses and notaried. After that a visée will be issued to you after the payment of ten piastres fee." The boy took the form in his hand. It contained questions as to name, village, address, occupation, destination, purpose of traveling, and squares to be stamped on payment of certain fees. At the top was the scroll insignia of the princely house of Karatheodori, and above, the insignia of the Sublime Porte with Turkish lettering.

George filled out the questionnaire as best he could and produced his birth certificate with which his father had fortunately provided him. But when it came to the certification of residence and witnesses, he was at a

loss. When the official saw him hesitate, he suggested in a smooth tone of voice: "But of course if it is inconvenient for you to get the certificates, I can take care of it for you upon payment of an additional fee of ten piasters..." His voice did not stop, it merely faded out.

For a while George did not understand; this was the first time he had come upon this old oriental custom--backsheesh, or bribery in plain English. However, as he thought over the difficulties of getting the witnesses which might involve a long delay, he began to see the merits of this custom. It has been used to great advantage by those who can pay their way in any country under the sun, but especially in the orient. His father had provided him with ~~xxx~~ a hundred piasters which would be equally useful in Egypt as in Samos as both acknowledged the overlordship of the Porte. He now regretfully pulled out the goatskin bag that was held by a thong around his neck and hidden under his shirt, and extracted the twenty piasters.

"There," said the official presently as he finished stamping the various spaces on the form. He took a small red booklet from a locked drawer. On the inside cover he entered a description of George and various other information. On the first page where a line read: "Permit validated for voyage to....." he inscribed "Egypt." Then he heated a stick of red sealing-wax over a small candle and blobbed it with a star-and-crescent insignia on the blank part of the page where the wax spread out quickly and hardened. He handed the booklet to George.

"You now have your official visee," he remarked in a more friendly tone than previously used. "But I would advise you to get to your ship --The Ellinopoula, I believe you said--as soon as possible. Sailing here depends more upon the proximity of hostile vessels than the changes of wind or tide. The ship is liable to leave at any time."

The boy thanked him for this piece of advice which he was only too anxious to follow, and hurried out. He unhitched the mules who had been waiting patiently. The road lay before him down to the quai. Already a few straggling fishing smacks~~xxx~~ were pulling in, their crews shouting and swearing. As the boy pushed his way among the wagons that were gathering to receive their loads, he stopped one of the carters, asking him how he could~~x~~ reach the ship, "Ellinopoula."

The man, after cursing him in several Turkish dialects, directed him finally to a kaffeneion on the waterfront. It was the coffee house in which shipmasters habitually gathered when on shore. Entering, George accosted the kaffedgis, or proprietor. "Wait here a while," said the latter after the boy had made known to him his desire; "Captain Lekometros comes here about six o'clock every evening to play prefa. He'll be here any moment now."

While waiting, he sat at one of the round tables and ordered a small black. The men at the other tables were mostly seamen and George heard them talking about the recent uprisings in Crete and the present dangers of marine traffic. A sharp-featured, black bearded man was talking emphatically: "Why every masted ship with a Greek captain has turned privateer in these waters. And when stopped by a foreign gunboat, they claim they're a part of the Greek navy. No cargo ship is safe in these waters. If I were putting out right now I'd mount a four-pounder fore and aft. I'd sink any vromoskylo that tried to stop

me...." he ended with a string of invectives.

"Take it easy, Spiro," cautioned a round faced man beside him as he flipped over a card. "There may be some here--Psariots or other enemies of Samos,--who will make you regret your words later." His wink suggested a knife-thrust. "Besides, there is talk that Samos will be ceded over to Greece, in which case, we'll have to get along as best we can with all the other islanders."

This interesting discussion was ended by the entrance of a tall, burly man with jovial features. Only when one got close up to him was it noticable that his face was more porcine than jolly, his nose and lips rather thick. But he had an air of command with him even in his loose, camel's hair coat; behind him followed two retainers like satellites in the orbit of a larger star. The coffee house attendant said something to him and pointed to George's table. Whereupon the big man came over and introduced himself.

"Well, my boy, you are now looking at John Lekometros," he boomed out pleasantly, "master of the schooner, Ellinopoula. Capitan Yanni, they call me. Your name is Manouris?...Oh, Marmoras, George. Well, its all the same to me," he laughed heartily. Then he lowered his voice to a whisper after an upward glance at his two men who stood silent and unsmiling: "Let's get aboard before the moon comes up. The ship is watered and provisioned. The gig is waiting at the wharf with Yussuf and Achmet. No time like now; let's go, ayedeh!" Before George knew it, he was hurrying out with them. The last view he had of Samos was the kaffedgis standing with his long drooping mustaches wiping glasses, the roomful of seamen staring at him from their round tables.

Outside, in the dark, Capitan Yanni and his two men grabbed the boy's luggage while George released the mules and told them to go home. This, he had no doubt they would do as mules are often sent on long trips alone, so well trained are they in Samos. Then the long dark quai swallowed them up, the passage to the boat was for him like a dream--a dream of passing from one life into a totally different one.

ii

For the first few days George was sick. He neither knew nor cared whether the ship was moving, nor where it was going. He lay on a hard bunk in the forecastle with the rest of the crew. His only privilege as passenger was that he was required to work. However, on the third day out he was able to drink a little wine and take some bread and cheese. For the first time he struggled weakly up the ladder and out onto the deck. The ship was rocking gently; overhead the sky was blue asx azure. The sea reflected the sky so identically that it was hard to tell where water ended and sky began on the horizon.

Some of the crew were busy coiling rope on deck. There was not much activity for the sails were already set to catch the slight breeze. Capitan Yanni was on the quarter deck leaning on the rail and smoking his pipe. He turned and saw the boy.

"Come up here, lad," he boomed. "Feeling better?" He looked away at a dark smudge on the horizon behind them. "See that little scata over there?" he pointed. "That's Crete. The bargain I made with your

father was for fifteen francs after passing Crete, fifteen more after Cyprus, and another fifteen upon arrival at Damiette. I like to keep things square, always ~~xxxxx~~ straight business--that's me. Give me the money now and I'll make you a receipt for it. If I hadn't been an old friend of your father's I wouldn't have made the fare so cheap. But I always remember a friend--that's me."

After a little figuring, George counted out the money in piasters. It would leave him, he figured, with approximately thirty piasters when he arrived in Egypt. However, there was the work waiting for him, and the opportunity to see life in a big city. Life!--that was what he wanted. Away from the quiet country walks. Life in a great metropolis with new and wonderful things on every hand.

The captain took a bottle of masticha from his pocket--he still wore the yellow overcoat. "Here, Yorgo, take a swig." the boy downed some of the fiery stuff and turned away with his eyes streaming. "You'll take it the way I do if you stay in Egypt long," remarked the captain finishing the bottle. "But now get down to the deck and stay with the crew. We may be stopped by a privateer at any time and you would be first taken. They like to break in young boys on those ships."

It was a day later that a sudden storm overtook the craft. George huddled down in his bunk while wind shrieked in the rigging and the boat tossed like a cork on the mountainous waves. It was then that he remembered religion. He prayed the Panagia to deliver them safely through the storm. The Panagia--Madonna--seems to all Mediterranean peoples the most near and the most comforting in time of stress, of all the saints in the calendar. Overhead he could hear the captain roaring and cursing as he directed the furling of sail while the hurtling wind made the ship reel like a mad thing. Evidently they finally got the sail down for now the ship ceased to stagger and fled straight as an arrow in the teeth of the wind. At this rate, thought the boy, they would be in Egypt very shortly.

Dawn broke grey and wet although the storm was leaving them behind. As on the first time George had crawled on deck, land lay astern. "Cyprus," the captain had said gruffly from lack of sleep. He had called the boy into his own cabin where he sat on an untidy iron bed.

"You're a strange boy, Yorgo," remarked the captain after he had fortified himself with quantities of masticha. "You take it all in and you say nothing. Very, very wise. You can also read and write, I'll wager. You know, you're just the fellow to do a little errand for me when we arrive in Egypt. Have you had any business experience?"

"I took care of my father's store for two years," answered the boy promptly and a trifle proudly.

"Oraiotatos!" exclaimed Capitan Yanni making a motion of removing his cap in honor. "Just the one I need. Before we arrive I shall tell you more about it--there will be something for you in it too, don't worry!" George flushed at the praise and the hint that he was worthy of responsibility. The elation, however, did not dull his ambition to live up to the good opinion of the other, and if possible, outdo expectation. For his conduct had always been a pleasant surprise to his family; now was a chance

demonstrate his ability before the entire world, he felt.

When at last the low Mokattam Hills appeared on the horizon-- those hills that guard the delta of the Nile, Capitan Yanni took George to the hold. Bidding him follow, he climbed down the ladder holding a lantern in one hand. The feeble glow barely illumined the piled-up casks of olive oil and wine which were roped in place around the supporting beams. At the other end of the hold were stacked large crates from which wisps of straw dangled. These boxes were marked, George could read as the captain held the light over them, "farm implements."

"These," said the captain pointing to the "farm implement" crates "are the things I am anxious to dispose of quickly in Dairiyye. They are for the Khalifa in Khartoum. But ~~xxxxx~~ never let a word out about that! I can't go out personally to negotiate because the Anglesi are suspicious and I was caught gun-running one time before. But I will give you the names of a few people to see. At least one of them will be able to arrange the payment and transportation up the river. I have here three thousand German bolt-action rifles which I loaded on at a Danubian port on the Black Sea. Also fifty-thousand rounds of cartridges all sealed and in perfect condition."

"But," queried George wide-eyed, "isn't this smuggling--against the law?" Great doubts assailed him as he thought of the fearsome object of the cargo.

"My boy, the law is just what you make it. By the Khalifa's law he wants rifles. By the Angliki law I am not allowed to give him the rifles he wants. By the laws of the Porte I can ship rifles but have to pay high taxes. Now which law am I to follow? --Why my own law, of course, and in this case my own law is the same as the Khalifa's. But if there were no danger to the deal, then I could easily do it myself and you would get nothing out of it. Therefore, by your own law, you should do what you think is best for no. 1. Always look out for no. 1 first, don't forget that.

"First I want you to go and see old Selim al Bedawi. He has caravan connections with the Sudan--as his name suggests, he comes from a Bedouin tribe. But he is a shrewd trader; be careful not to let him get the best of the bargain. I won't take a sou less than a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Start out at two hundred and fifty, and the more you get the more there will be in it for you. I will give you ten per cent on all over a hundred and fifty.

"If your deal is not satisfactory with Selim, then you can go to Sarkessi at the Delta Dairy Produce Co. on the Rue Mamelaise. He is an undercover agent for the Khartoum government, arranging loans and arms shipments for the Khalifa. But when you go about this business, be careful to guard your tongue--if you let it slip to the Anglesi, then the jig's up. You and I will be taken and shot because this time they are much angered over the death of Lord Gordon by the Maghdi a year ago. You understand the situation now?"

Almost overcome by the tremendous nature of the affairs in which he was to play a part and the responsibility involved, George could barely whisper his assent. His heart hammered as he thought of the vast commission that would enable him to send enough money to his

father to pay off the mortgage.

"They will never suspect you," Pursued the captain. "How would they know that a lad like you was arranging a new uprising in the Sudan?" he laughed heartily. "But now, take note of the things I have told you--nothing must be in writing except cheques." again he laughed and motioned for the boy to precede him up the ladder. On deck he was silent with his pipe thrust in his large lips. George knew it was a hint for him to return to the forecandle.

The pilot must have known the route by long experience, for he guided the vessel skilfully around the promontory into a channel leading to a large bay in which the water was glass-smooth and black with mud. Thus was the fertile soil of the upper Nile valley forever washed into the Mediterranean to form new deltas and geosynclines.

On the arid hill-slopes, George could see small settlements of palm-thatched huts; near them green fields under cultivation. The inner side of the promontory seemed to stretch away forever under the low clouds now hot and sultry. Even through that rolling mist and cloud strata he could feel the sun darts burning into his skin. The ship picked up speed by a gust of wind now and then, but still the scenery on the starboard bank did not change in ~~an~~ nature.

"We will be in Damiette by nightfall," one of the seamen remarked as he passed the boy.

Chapter 5.

In a letter that finally arrived at Castanea, Samos, after several months' delay, George described his arrival in Damiette.

"Agapi mou Pater (My dear father),

"I hope you and the rest of the family are in good health. Please give my love to Metera and Eleni. I arrived in Damiette near the close of day almost two weeks after setting sail from Samos. We passed a bend in the Nile and there before us was a sweep of high buildings on either bank, each with decorated architecture. Scores of little boats plied between the two banks as there are no bridges. The larger boats, feluccas, they are called, sail from Damiette way up the Nile even as far as Khartoum. Our ship had to anchor in midstream for there is no deep water close to the shore. Behind the imposing front line of buildings are smaller wooden buildings making up the business section of the town. Here and there rise the minarets of mosques from which muezzins were calling as we sailed in. We piloted the ship's boat to shore surrounded by a crowd of gyassas, each with one long slanting mast and triangular sail.

"Once ashore, I got one of the sailors who knew the town to take me to the store owned by your friend, Caragiannis; he does not seem to be doing so well in a business way. Then I was taken to the Hotel Khedivieh which is owned by a Greek woman. The captain of the ship is staying here also as he has some matter to attend to in Damiette. He told me I could be of use to him on this business, and, at present, I have hopes of making some through him when it is settled. The affair is secret, and I cannot disclose it even by letter.

"In the pursuit of the above business, I called upon a certain old Arabian gentleman named Selim. He received me very courteously in his house which is located in the beautiful suburb, El'-Gebana. I found him seated on a wide Arabian divan called a mastaba which is very popular here. However, as I thought his charges too high, we did not come to any conclusion. I don't believe, from the way he talks, that he still has the means of carrying out such business. We had to converse, by the way, mostly in sign language and even by drawing which I made on the spot as I know very little Turkish or Arabic.

"I returned later to Caragiannis who was angry because I had not come back to him immediately. He has a loft above his store in which he wants me to sleep and by so doing act as guard all night. I don't like the idea very much as I will always be on duty and never have time off. When I told him that I would have to take the next afternoon off to attend some business of my own, he flew into a rage. However I shall do so nevertheless; it is a most pressing matter that cannot wait. I shall write you again when I have more news and will also send money to pay on the mortgage when I can.....George"

To George the night at the hotel was not particularly uncomfortable although the bed was hard in its wall cubicle built like a honeycomb. Early in the morning he dressed and passed by the captain's door, and, as the latter was still sleeping, he hurried to the store. For the first time he was able to notice while walking in the street the great stacks of palm leaves outside each house. Damiette is the city of
basked-

weaving and silk spinning. Other sections of the city were devoted to the latter trade.

Caragiannis was just opening up the store when George arrived. The boy helped him put out the front and busied himself inside all morning. Over their lunch of imported Greek cheese and bread, the merchant moralized as to how George should work hard and stay away from women, informing him that in the due course of time, he would pick out a good wife for him. To all this George listened patiently; it is indeed the fate of young Greeks to hear endless advice poured upon them. Then the merchant got down to business. The pay, he admitted, was fifteen piasters a month outside of board and room--the room was to be the balcony above the store.

"It isn't much," Caragiannis hurried on to say, "but you're new in Egypt and think of the valuable experience you are getting. Why some of these Copts and Fellahin would pay for such experience so that they could later go on to Cairo and Alexandria where there are many stores."

George replied: "But I'm not a Copt or Fellah, and I've also had many years of training in Samos. The only difference is in the location between here and Castanea."

"Yes, yes," the other was impatient. "Don't you see that customer waiting over there? Hurry up before we lose business; my God! you're so slow. What's the matter with you?" During the afternoon, George could see that the older man was trying to keep him busy so that he would miss his chance of going out. But when he saw the shadows lengthening on the pavement outside, he insisted upon leaving, much to Caragiannis' disgust.

Walking down the street in his coat and long black pantaloons, George felt like a foreigner. Most of the natives wore only simple white shifts like nightgowns, while the wealthier wore what looked like dressing-gowns over the inner robe. The women dressed almost entirely in black and for the most part kept their faces concealed by black veils. The boy did not have much curiosity to see behind the veils as he imagined from the dark faces of the men that the women would not be very good looking.

In his heart, however, beat an excitement in anticipation of the coming interview with Sarkessi, head of the branch office of the Delta Dairy Produce Company. He arrived at the square building built, unlike most of the others, of sun-baked tile neatly whitewashed. At one side was a large delivery entrance and on the other a door over which was inscribed the legend, "Sarkessi Freres & Cie." George entered and boldly told the dark young girl behind the counter, "I wish to speak to Mr. Yassime Sarkessi, the manager of the dairy."

The girl's dark eyes were large but alert. She had been writing at a desk inside the office space. She looked George over a full minute before answering. "Yes," she said in Greek, "He's in. Go right inside and take the stairway to your right." Her eyes lingered on him a second longer, approvingly.

Holding his excitement in check, the boy found the stairs and mounted to a balcony overlooking the entire interior of the building.

There he saw mysterious-appearing machinery around which men were working busily. There were also many delivery carts with cans piled on them. However George proceeded to an enclosed portion of the balcony marked "office" and rapped on the door.

"Entrez!" called a resonant voice. George did so and found himself confronted by a grey-headed, pleasant-featured man seated behind a desk. He wore a European business suit and black fez which the boy thought an odd combination.

"I was told to see you, Mr. Sarkessi, by Captain John ~~Rak~~ Lekometros of the ship, 'Ellinopoula'," announced the boy in his most careful Greek.

"To be sure," answered Sarkessi in the same language. "I've been expecting something like this for a long time. But there, sit down, my boy and tell me something about yourself first."

George told him the simple story of his trip to Egypt in order to recoup his family fortunes. Then as the other continued to listen quietly, he told of his years of work and study in Samos, his father's former high position, and their present poverty. Yet although he spoke simply, it was with a certain dignity that impressed the other.

Sarkessi now mentioned the subject of the visit for the first time. "I've known Lekometros for a long time and all our business dealings have been honest. He is the only one of the traders with whom I would take the chance of not examining the cargo before buying--and that's saying a great deal." He was silent a moment, tapping the desk with his finger-nails, then went on.

"You have seen my plant below, I suppose. Well, it is now only a shadow of what it used to be. Before the Khedive Mehemât Ali diverted the Nile trade to Cairo and Alexandria, I had the most flourishing business anywhere on the Delta. But now my brothers in Cairo and Alexandria are doing better than I. In fact, if it were not for a little side business now and then, I should not be able to keep up at all. Now tell me," he leaned forward suddenly, "how many rifles and rounds of lead have we?"

George answered as the captain had told him. "Three thousand German bolt-action rifles and fifty-thousand rounds of cartridges all in the best condition. But have you the means for transporting them up the Nile to the Khalifa?"

"That was a wise question, my boy," laughed Sarkessi, "and I can see now why the captain entrusted you with this business. But I ~~ix~~ ~~an~~ can assure that the transportation is already taken care of as I have my own fleet of feluccas, usually loaded with dairy produce, but which I can easily send on any errand up the Nile as far as Assuan. From thence it will be transported by ~~and~~ camel back. I suppose the main theme of the captain's bargain is the price...Well, what is his lowest offer--now remember I am in straitened circumstances myself."

George thought quickly. Before him he knew sat a shrewd trader; but from his experiences with haggling customers, the boy was something of a bargainer himself. He decided to open as high as possible.

"On account of the expense already undertaken by the captain, he will not consider anything under ~~50~~ five hundred thousand francs," the boy said firmly.

Sarkessi opened his mouth as if frozen by astonishment and remained thus for a few moments. Finally he spoke in a voice that sounded shocked; "Is the captain mad? Does he think he has thirty thousand rifles instead of three thousand? There can be no other explanation. Now, come, my boy. Let's stop trifling. Do you know what the market value of such rifles are by the latest report? No....Well, they are twenty-five francs apiece, or seventy-five thousand francs. Yet you want to charge me five times that much!"

"If the captain had wanted to get the market value of the rifles, he could have sold them in any European port without any danger to himself, and without paying a commission to me. As it is, he is running the risk of confiscation and imprisonment so that the Khalifa will have his rifles. Don't you think the Khalifa will be willing to pay you high for such rifles?" The boy's tone was firm.

The merchant showed an involuntary gleam of admiration in his eyes for the boy's arguments. Then he was again business-like. "What you say has some merit," he admitted. "But you must consider my difficulties in transportation up the Nile and by caravan across the desert. Then I must worry about collecting from the Khalifa, for whom it is easier to chop off heads than pay bills. Surely I cannot make a profit or have any interest in the undertaking if you charge me more than five times the market value....!" He gestured hopelessly.

George, meanwhile, had begun to get a better view of the situation from both standpoints. He saw that if he pressed the point too far, he would lose this opportunity entirely. And then, he thought of his own interest in the affair, of his father's mortgage hanging over the family like the sword of Damocles. After a little hesitation, he said:

"I will be perfectly frank with you this time, Mr. Sarkessi, if you, for your part, are willing to exchange favors." He waited for reply.

"It is entirely agreeable to me exchange favors," the other had a twinkle in his eye. "Especially," he added, "in the form of cash."

"Then, on this basis," George was more sure of his ground, "I will tell you that the captain did ask me to mention a top price of five hundred thousand; but before we go further in the deal, I want first to be assured that if the final arrangement is satisfactory with you, you will pay me in cash the ten percent commission allowed me on everything above the bottom price which I will tell you."

Sarkessi thought for a moment. then, "Truly it was said that the Greeks are intricate-minded. You have already outdone most of the traders with whom I have dealt. But since you have got this far, I think I will make an exception to my general rule in your case. I think I shall allow what you have asked for providing you give me the absolute rock-bottom price."

"Very well," George was secretly elated. "The absolutely lowest figure the captain told me he would accept is two-hundred and twenty-five thousand. On that amount I get no commission." The boy was deter-

mined to see that his friend, the captain, was also satisfied.

"Make it two-hundred thousand even and it's a deal!" cried the other.

"But you forget that the other price was the lowest I could possibly quote," George was careful not to be trapped on this point. "However, since this is what you want, I will see the captain tonight and make an effort to get him to change his mind. I don't know yet if I can do so as he is a hard man to change. But I will be back tomorrow to let you know at any time that is convenient."

"Very well, be here at this hour tomorrow as I am out in the morning when it is cool and prefer to spend my afternoons here. Meanwhile, after you see the captain, I invite you to come to my house for dinner--strictly a social affair. We shall not talk business there. What do you say, is it agreeable?"

George assented eagerly, wondering, however, what his cranky master, Caragiannis, would say about it. However, he decided not to be influenced in any way by that personage. Sarkessi stood up and the two ceremoniously shook hands, the boy doing so a trifle awkwardly. But inwardly he was saying as he left the building after a parting smile from the girl in the lower office, "I am a man now!"

ii

When George got back to the store, Caragiannis was waiting for him with a scowl on his rather vacant face.

"For why do you think I hire you to work in my store? So you can go walking for pleasure all day? I was busy here--very busy, and where were you, WHERE WERE YOU?" he gesticulated wildly, "Do you think I pay you here to have a good time when I could get any other boy for half what I pay you and have no trouble. But no! I listened to the entreaties of my old friend in Samos, not knowing what kind of a worthless son he has, and foolishly told him to send his boy here. Ais to diabolos! Anachathis!" He had worked himself up until he was sputtering.

George took all this in silently. The man's unjust accusations hurt him to the quick. He had always prided himself upon being a good worker. What if he had missed a few hours on the second day he had arrived! Surely any one was entitled to a few days to get used to a new town before settling down to work--that was no crime! If the man did not like him, George felt confident he could make his way by the new contacts he had already made upon arriving. He had found, also, that he was rapidly acquiring a knowledge of Arabic and the gesticulation that accompanies it. He listened to the tirade a while in silence, then burst out a trifle angrily: "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Mr. Caragiannis, but you know this is my first few days in Damiette. If it's just because you don't like me, tell me now so that I can go." George was accustomed to the direct outspokenness of the Samian highlands.

"My God," exploded the other. "So you want to leave me already and not here two days yet. But we shall see if you can leave me or

not. You didn't know, I suppose," he sneered. "that you are under bond to me for two years and have to obey me like a father? Well, from now on, you will do as I say." He rushed away smiling his sweetest to a customer who had just entered. The man was dressed in European clothes with fez; it was Yassime Sarkessi.

"Ah, there you are, my boy," he cried ignoring the obsequious storekeeper. "I just dropped by to tell you to be at my house by nine o'clock sharp as my wife is having everything prepared. And now that I'm here, I might as well take home a few things with me,...let me see, some imported halva and origonon...just the things we need!" he went about selecting a few things, while Caragiannis looked on in astonishment. George waited on him, hoping that he had not heard any of the quarrel before he had entered. He reflected that he had made a mistake in telling Sarkessi where he worked.

After again cautioning the boy to be at his home at the proper time, the dairyproduce dealer departed. Caragiannis looked after him in satisfaction. "Very good, a good customer, Yorgo," he muttered. Then turning to George he said in a pleasanter tone than he had yet used, "perhaps you are bringing me good luck after all, Yorgo. Since your friend is a good buyer, I will forgive you this time, but watch out the next time. By the way, how did you happen to know this man?"

George did not think it necessary to answer. He went about his work silently while the store owner, unanswered, became petulant, and finally silent also. They continued thus until the early nightfall. "I'll be back to open up in the morning," was all George said as he left. The man stared after him puzzled and half-angry.

The boy, however, did not allow himself to think further of his altercation with the storekeeper. He was planning what he would say to Kapitan Yanni before concluding the deal with Sarkessi. Also, he was wondering what the dinner at the latter's home would be like. Was that girl in the lower office his daughter? Well, he might soon have a chance to find out. Thinking thus he reached the Hotel Khedivieh where he tidied up his clothing and brushed his hair. He called the owner and asked her where the captain would be at this hour.

"At the Pansamiakos coffee house," she answered. "He goes there every afternoon when he's in Damiette."

He set out for the coffee house thankful now that the burning rays of the sun no longer slanted on him. The heavy Egyptian twilight had settled on the city giving the parched streets a rest from their daily baking by the sun. An orange moon was rising over the Nile obscured by an occasional palm tree with lattice-like branches. George penetrated the narrow alleys following the directions given him by the hotel keeper, until he arrived at the center of the city's Greek colony. On one side of the street was the Marathon restaurant serving Greek foods, and on the other was the coffee house flanked by a book store and an importing company. He found out later that this location was not far from the store where he worked.

This coffee house was the only one in this district and consequently people of all classes assembled there. Goerge found it crowded and smoke-filled. Men were crowded about the small tables drinking or playing cards.

in the usual fashion of Greek coffee houses. Presently, by pushing his way through the mass he was able to locate Kapitan Yanni laugh-loudly over a joke with some boon companions. When he saw George, his manner changed abruptly. The smile vanished and he hastily excused himself from the others. Both he and the boy walked out into the privacy of the open street.

"Well," demanded the captain putting his arm around the boy's shoulders. He was in one of his amiable moods. "What's the result of your negotiations? I hope it's something speedy for I have an idea the English may decide to search this port some time in the near future."

George recounted the first part of his dealings--that part concerning Selim; then he told of meeting Sarkessi. He thought it hardly necessary to tell the exact words of his talk with the latter; indeed, to make the matter smoother, he thought it expedient to prevaricate.

"Sarkessi tried for a long while to hold the figure down to a hundred and fifty thousand; I was holding out for two-hundred and fifty thousand. ~~I pretended that~~ We finally compromised on two-hundred thousand even. I pretended that I had to get your consent for that amount to convince him that it was the absolute minimum."

"Good boy!" the captain clapped him on the back. "You handled the affair skilfully for a youngster." He pulled the boy around by the arm. "Just to show you I appreciate it, I want you to have dinner with me at the Marathon Restaurant; you will get real melintzanes 'mambaildi and yaourti; also beer to drink."

"I'm sorry," George genuinely was, "but I promised Sarkessi to have dinner with him at his house tonight; he said he wanted me to meet his family..."

"Oh, ho!" roared the boher laughingly. "So that's how the land lies, is it? He wants you to meet his beautiful daughter, you mean! Well, my boy, you're lucky. He'll set you up in life with a handsome dowery. Why he and his brothers together are worth millions!"

George colored deeply. He tried to stammer a denial. But the captain kept on congratulating him on his good fortune. The captain had been drinking; he wished to hold George and talk to him further, but the boy somehow made his escape. In the darkness he wound through the narrow alleys of lower Damiette before he finally came out onto a main thoroughfare. He went to the hotel and prepared himself for the dinner with his cleanest shirt and jacket. Then extravagantly he called a coach and told the coachman in Greek to take him to the house of Sarkessi. The man got only the last part--but that was enough, everyone knew where the wealthy Sarkessi lived.

iii

Another letter from George which reached his father at almost the same time as the first left Damiette the following day.

"2"Dear father,

"Since I wrote you that last letter telling you of my chance to

make some money, I have been able by great luck to collect that money, and I am herewith mailing you three thousand francs. I keep five hundred for myself as I am expecting to go to Cairo soon. The manager of a dairy produce establishment has taken an interest in me and says he would like to have me work in his brother's place at Cairo. The only difficulty in the way is the fact that I am bound to work for Caragiannis. The latter is proving very stubborn. He wants to stand in my way and keep me here working for him. However, Sarkessi,--the man who wants me to go to Cairo--is very friendly with government officials, and thinks he can get me out of the bond service.

"Last night I had dinner at Sarkessi's house. He is a Christian Syrian, by the way. He has a young daughter whom I met; but as to his marriage intentions for her I know nothing. Don't think that I am forgetting your advice in such matters. I stay away from women and also from the coffee house. Besides, Caragiannis tries to keep me busy in the store all day so that I can never have a moment to myself. I don't mind that so much, but he also wants me to sleep in the balcony above the store at night.

"Sarkessi gave me some books on arithmetic and bookkeeping which I am beginning to study in my spare time. When I get to Cairo it will help me, because he plans to put me in the counting room there. Also, however, I study my history and geography which I find very interesting.

"Please give my love to Metera and Eleni, and my regards to my brothers. Do you remember the big wedding we went to recently just before I left? If you can give me any news of that family I will appreciate it as there is a sympetheros here who wants to hear from them. Let me hear from you soon on the above matters.....George."

Receiving no answer for some time, George wrote again.

"Dear Father,

"Since my last letter, things have not changed much; however I was expecting to hear from you soon and now it is already two months. Did you get the money safely? Please let me know soon as it is a strong worry on my mind.

"Caragiannis has remained obdurate in spite of every persuasion by Sarkessi and government officials. He has a legal right to keep me and insists on it. Of course he is doing it out of spite; but that does not help me any. If you would write a letter authorizing the governor of Damiette to transfer my guardianship from Caragiannis to Yassime Sarkessi, it might be put through legally. Please do this immediately as I am anxious to get started in Cairo. Cairo is a large metropolis and I shall have a far better chance of rising in the world if I once establish myself there.

"I think Sarkessi intends a match between me and his daughter, Naroula. But I have different plans. I shall let him make his plans for in that way he will help me to get ahead; but I will not marry and settle down until I have seen more of life--more than in this steaming little town of Damiette. In this summer season, the city is practically deserted. Every one of importance has gone to Ras-el-Bar, a sandy shoal near the mouth of the Nile where they put up huts of matting and take their summer vacations. Caragiannis has already gone and left

his store to me for the time being. He says I shall have a chance to go to Ras-el-Bar when he returns.

"I expect I shall soon be able to converse well in French. It is a most important language in Cairo; I am studying it every night and have also moved to a French hotel here where I can get some practise.

"Please write me by the quickest mail you can of the matters I have mentioned, and tell me if any more money is needed on the mortgage. My wages here are very small, scarcely enough for me to live on myself, but if you are in urgent need of money, I could possibly raise a loan on my future salary with the Sarkessis. I hope you are all in good health....George"

2 Both of the above letters had reached Samos at almost the same time so that it was a month following this letter above that George received an answer.

"Agapite mou Yorgo (My dear George),

"Both of your interesting letters reached me at the same time as they both came from the same boat. In answer to your question: Yes, I received the money, for which I thank and bless the ingenuity of my best son in procuring for me; all of the family is well except Tassos who is afflicted with asthma caused, I believe, by too much drinking. The Defteris family you enquired about is just the same except that I hear that their daughter, Dina, is becoming engaged to a Samian who became wealthy in the United States of America and returned.

"The money you sent (3000 francs) was enough to hold off the mortgage a year and a half and also to pay for the doctoring of Tassos. If the doctor orders a change to a warmer climate, we may send him to Egypt under your care.

"I'm glad you are so careful about yourself. You don't know how happy it makes me to hear that you are progressing so well. I always knew you could do it; and Egypt seems the right place for you to develop your opportunities. Take care of yourself my boy. Perhaps some time at the end of the year I shall have a cargo to ship to Egypt myself. Until I see you then, farewell. Your loving father, Demetrios."

This letter both pleased and displeased George as he lay in bed thinking of it that night. The news that his family was comparatively safe set his mind at rest on that score; indeed he determined to send more money as soon as possible. But in another part of his mind--that part he had set aside to cherish a lovely memory--he felt a distinct hurt. Could it be that Dina had so soon forgotten him. Yet perhaps it was his fault too--he had neglected to say good-bye to her at the last minute. Then his positiveness asserted itself. He determined that this would not be the last of his connection with Dina--even if he personally had to go to Samos and reestablish himself in her favor. In this mood he slept and had vivid dreams of fighting monsters with heads ~~xxxxxx~~reach one of which looked like that of Ceragiannis, and rescuing a beautiful girl resembling Dina.

Chapter 6.

Spring floods filled the Nile until the uplands were inundated. The fertile ground received its expected soaking that would burgeon out into the year's crops. Business became active again. George, still working in the little store of Caragiannis was too busy by day and too tired by night to think of the future. He had been unable even with the help of Sarkessi to break the strict bonding contract by which he must serve his full term of five years. During the winter months when business was slack he had had time to nurse his discontent; had even planned once or twice to run away. Then the calm and sensible advice of Sarkessi to whom he had turned gave him new patience to work along until his term was finished.

He had written several letters to his father and received one in return to tell him that his brother, Tassos, might join him in summer. This news was not very welcome, yet George was lonely for his own kind; even his obnoxious brother would be pleasant company at least for a while. He did not send his father money again as the salary he made was just enough to live on with economy; and he was still saving the five hundred francs to start out with when he should go to Cairo.

The summer season arrived with its steaming heat, its insects, and heated activity. This year, however, there were disturbing reports from Palestine, Syria, and Sinai. A cholera epidemic had broken out at several points--notably at Beirut. No one knew where it would strike next. The population waited calm and fatalistically for whatever Allah would bestow.

George admired the untroubled philosophy of the Arabs. He noticed them when the muezzin sounded from the spire stop wherever they were, spread out the little prayer rug each of them carried, and kneel facing Mecca to offer the devotion to Allah. A much more dramatic and understandable religion, he thought, than the Orthodox in which the people participated only to the extent of attending service on Saints' days. He also admired the way the Arabs dressed. The simple djellabi or white gown was ideal for a hot climate. When the weather was colder, a long, thin, dark coat open in the front was used. One day George went to one of the clothing bazaars and bought a complete Arab costume including djellabi and burnous. He wore this while walking around the streets in his time off.

Once, some Arabs addressed him in their own language, taking him for a blue-eyed Berber of Vandal ancestry. He merely repeated the "Salaam M'aleikum" and passed on his way. From this contact, he was encouraged to attend some of the Arabian festivities in their own cafes. They would sip their Turkish coffees and listen to a man singer who strummed on an archaic zither singing the oriental Arab melodies made up of a kind of whining sing-song with endless repetition. When the audience liked any singer particularly well, they would shout: "Ya sidi, Ya sidi!" Gradually, in this way, George picked up an Arabic vocabulary and pronunciation by which he could pass as an Arab in ordinary conversation. He found that whereas Greek was perpendicular in construction, formed by different inflections of the same stem, Arabic was vertical, composed of many separate roots and stems.

The pronunciation of Arabic is far more guttural than the honey-smooth Greek vowels; yet George found something satisfying in their harshness and strength and primitive vitality. He found this same contrast when he studied other languages between the mellifluous French and Spanish on the one hand, and the bristling German and English on the other. The chopped English pronunciation always reminded him of the Zeibekiko when he heard an occasional British or American tourist. Yet he realized the practicality and business efficiency of such a language and devoted more time to it than to the others. Indeed, a Samian is better fitted to study English than any other Greek for the Samians themselves chop up their words, swallow half their vowels in their own peculiar brand of the language.

Out of curiosity the first time, George wandered into a mosque together with a crowd of similarly dressed moslems. He knelt with them in the domed building, did as they did, and was accepted as one of them. This gave him a sense of unity with the country in which he lived. He had never heard the expression, "when in Rome, do as the Romans do," but he unconsciously followed this policy. After the mosque ceremony, he went to the kottab, or Khoran school where young dark-eyed pupils memorized the flowing phrases of the prophet. By his constant association with the Arabs he learned something of the fatalism, "kismet", of the orient; he learned to scorn the Christian Copts whom he considered smooth talkers with no backbone or initiative. He began to mingle with the Arabs in their amusements; could even sing after some practise "Ataft Warda Hamra" after the manner of Mohammed Nour, the famous singer.

This association proved useful in the next year when uprisings were of almost daily occurrence. Although he was suspected and disliked by the Greeks who kept themselves aloof from contacts with the Arabs, he found that when massacres of Christians began at sporadic intervals, he was fortunately considered a moslem and was therefore free to go anywhere without danger. Indeed, he once saved Caragiannis' store from being pillaged by a mob of rioting villagers. He spoke to them in Arabic and conjured them "By the beard of the prophet" not to molest the building. Soon conditions became so threatening for foreigners, especially Greeks, Armenians, and Christian Syrians. Occasionally some would be found lying stiff and bloody on the streets after a night's affray. Others took the warning and began leaving. The Khalifa had decreed a holy war.

Caragiannis was looking more white and shaken every day. He came to the store late and left early in broad daylight. He began to talk of going away for a short time while George should take charge of the store. To this the boy willingly assented; not only was Caragiannis an unpleasant man to work with, but he was also high-handed and dictatorial with customers, thus managing to lose much of the business that yet remained. George welcomed the opportunity to manage the store himself as a test of his ability as a business man. He felt that if he were able to build up this store, he would indeed be worthy to go on to better things in Cairo.

One Sunday a month Sarkessi would invite the boy to his house for dinner. While waiting for the meal, he would question him as to what progress he had made in his studies and give him advice and encouragement. The wealthy wholesaler had always wanted a son; perhaps he felt

a fondness for this clear-eyed Samian lad who was struggling to make his way in a foreign country. Also, he recognized in the boy certain qualities that convinced him he would make a good business man, an executive that could be relied upon for initiative--a quality so lacking in most Egyptians. Then, after properly building him up to a high position, it would be time enough to think about whom his daughter should marry and if the boy would prove acceptable. Therefore, he kept in touch with George and encouraged him to work for the day when he should work for the Sarkessi interests in Cairo.

One day Caragiannis could stand the threatening situation no longer. "I am going to leave for a few weeks until things cool down a little. Do you want to stay here?"

"Certainly," George answered promptly. "I am on good terms with the Arabs and as long as I am here they will not molest the store. But if I do this for you, for your part you must promise to do something for me." The sudden firmness in tone made the storekeeper turn around surprised. He had been packing some belongings with hands that shook visibly at times.

"What do you mean?"

"If," the boy began slowly to clear up one point at a time, "I remain here at the risk of my life where no other Christian could stay, and if I keep the store safe from the mobs outside and in good order with an increase, even, in your business, I shall expect you to do something for me which before you refused. I want you to release me from my obligations to you one month after you return and find everything just as I described. Is that a fair bargain?"

Caragiannis' face reddened as he listened to the other; he seemed about to make an angry retort, then thought better of it. He said shortly. "Kala! ("good", equivalent of "O.K.")" then turned away to do his packing. George, however, could hear him muttering something about "ingratitude." Before the storekeeper left, he gave George the keys and cautioned him about locking up the place. He looked hurriedly up and down the street and left with his baggage; whereupon the boy breathed a sigh of relief and set about straightening up the store in the way he thought best.

ii

This was a year when it seemed that both man and nature were in revolt. The spiritual unrest of the Mohammedan creed and its followers came coincidental with a plague that originated in the depths of Asia. That great cradle of the human race, Asia, often bred within its vast and uncounted populations pestilences that spread at times over the entire globe in an overflow of venom.

George was sitting in an Arabian restaurant squatting on one of the cushions when the fezged waiter who was bringing him his pilaf fell over suddenly, clawing at his throat, his face a twisted mask of agony. At once some one shouted "Cholera," others, "The plague!, O Allah be merciful!" there was a frantic scramble for the door. Outside the streets were deserted, for the plague had already struck in other spots and people kept off the streets through fear. The boy,

considerably shaken by the sight he had seen went quickly back to the store which he had locked in his absence. In all his previous life he had seen nothing like this pestilence that struck at random with swift death. Yet he was confident, somehow, that he would not be affected by the plague. It did not fit in with his plans; it might in fact upset everything for him. Within him he felt a rising indignation at this unwelcome event. The power of mind and planning, he thought, should overcome all physical obstacles. It did not occur to him yet to turn them to his own use.

There were no customers all afternoon; but he could see people scurrying furtively here and there and keeping well away from one another. The hot sun of late afternoon beat down as a friend he usually met at Arabian affairs entered.

"Salaam aleikum," George greeted him, glad that there was someone at last with whom to talk.

The young man, dark browed and complexioned with the hawk-like nose of the bedouin made the characteristic gesture of greeting, touching with two fingers the forehead, bridge of the nose, and breast.

"Ala ein ourasi," he returned. Today he was serious, unsmiling.

"I'm glad you dropped in," said George. "I do not quite understand what is happening in Damiette--they say it is a plague..."

"It is worse than that," the other groaned. "El Shaitan himself has loosed the evil Djinni from Gehenna to torment mankind. The imams are spreading the ~~word~~ word that it is because we have allowed the unbelievers to come among us; that we shall not be relieved of the curse until that last Nazarene dog has left.--your pardon, my friend, I did not mean you, for I know that you have embraced the true faith and are one of us."

George went cold as he reflected for a moment what his friend had implied. If what he said was true, the plague would be the incentive for an unprecedented massacre of Christians, and in spite of the fact that George had attended the mosque and other Mohammedan ceremonies out of curiosity and interest, his sympathies were mainly with the Christian population of Damiette when it came to a question of survival. As to the devil theory of the plague's origin, he was not very clear on such points, but inclined to regard it as a superstition.

"But for my part," continued the Mohammedan, "I shall not stay here and wait for the plague to overtake me. I am going immediately to Cairo. There in a big city, the devils will not be able to find me among so many others. That is why I came to you, my friend. You often told me you wanted to see Cairo. If you want to come with me, we might both make the journey easily where one would have difficulties. What do you say?"

The thought had not occurred to the boy before to desert his present post although he had strongly wanted to leave. Once in Cairo, he knew his future would be assured. Yet the situation presented certain difficulties.

"But I am bound to the owner of this store to work until he

returns. Even if I go to Cairo, the government men can still find me and force me to come back to him."

"Wallah! You don't understand the ways of life here yet," the Arab spat a trifle contemptuously. "In order to go to Cairo and disappear from your master, it is only necessary to change your name. The government has no way of locating you once you do that. Besides, there is conflict now between the British and the regular government. There is little chance that it will drop its trouble just to hunt after you." The tones were persuasive.

"But..." the boy was still uncertain. Then an idea occurred to him. He would ask Sarkessi--he who was always willing to give him good advice. "I must have a little time to think this over. Can you wait for one day?"

"The sands of the hourglass pass on forever and do not return," the young Mohammedan paraphrased an old saying, "But until tomorrow I can wait. There is a mortal Houri from whom I must take leave; and by morning I shall be ready to go."

"Good then! When you come tomorrow morning, I shall let you know. And if I go, I shall have my effects packed up here ready to make a quick start."

The other made a gesture of assent, and, drawing his long white cloak about him, departed silent as a wraith.

George, left to his own reflections, allowed himself to imagine for a moment that he was as free as his friend had told him he might be. Then stubbornly shook his head. He would first ask Sarkessi before taking any steps. He would do nothing that would endanger his future. Had not his father often told him that the greatest mistakes in life come about by too-quick and unconsidered action? He waited the remainder of the day in the store although no customers appeared. After dark he locked up and betook himself to the house of Sarkessi. For the first time he noticed how well the door and windows were fortified. The house was built of solid stone while the slit-like windows were guarded with cross bars of iron. It could have withstood a siege.

He knocked once. There was no answer. Again he knocked, and from within he heard faint footfalls. A faint voice came to him through the massive door.

"Whom do you seek?" in Arabic. George answered,

"Yassime Sarkessi if he is in, or his wife."

"I am sorry. the whole family has departed to Cairo. They left yesterday and the house will be closed until they return."

"But when will they return?"

"God alone knows that. But not until the plague and the trouble has ceased." the voice died away mournfully.

Like a light flashing on his brain, George realized what he would do. The time for hesitation had passed. He would leave!

iii

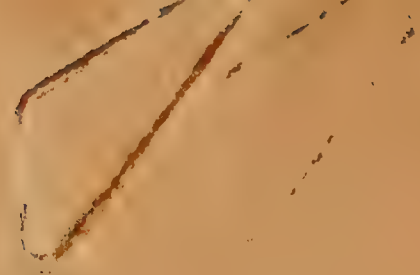
Among the many new residents Cairo acquired when the plague and riot terror struck smaller towns around was a young Mohammedan gentleman named Mohammed Moghreby. If he strangely had blue eyes, that could be accounted for by the fact that many Berbers were blue-eyed. If he also spoke Greek and a smattering of European languages, so did many other young Moslems of studious turn. His future, moreover, seemed bright for he was a clerk in the great butter industry for which Egypt was famous; and times began to be better for business. A period of boom and speculation was coming on.

It had not all been clear sailing for George under his new name. Sarkessi had agreed to the subterfuge, but he had not exactly approved. The position of clerk was under the jealous supervision of a master clerk who was growing old and feared he would be supplanted. The boy's every attempt to learn new phases of the business were met by active opposition and animosity on the part of the old man. He would not allow anyone to enter items in the books but himself, even under supervision. The business letters that came he would allow no one to read or answer but himself. He continually belittled the others about him and in particular the young man known to him as Mohammed Moghreby. In him he sensed an eagerness to learn that would soon amount to rivalry with himself.

George, for his part, worked patiently at his task. His pay was still small, but now he had a chance to view the wonders of a large city. Here he witnessed the for the first time the power of the English as he saw them put down riots, or as their troops marched through the main streets on their way to put down rebellion in the south. He determined without further delay to make himself master of that language. At the same time, he met many cultured Greeks to whom he introduced himself with his Greek name. With the greatest delight he would spend his last penny to treat one of these interesting persons to dinner and meanwhile listen to his flow of polished and educating conversation. He felt that he himself acquired education and culture in this way. Many such people existed in the principal Mediterranean cities at this time, stranded and impoverished by various circumstances. They represented the aristocracy of mind which in Greece up to the present day is more highly honored and respected than the aristocracy of wealth.

He would hear an occasional quotation from the philosophers of Ancient Greece which he methodically wrote down on a piece of paper he always kept with him. Later he bought the books from which such quotations were taken and spent his leisure moments studying the philosophies of Plato, Aristotle, Xenander, and others. At the same time he determined to raise his position first by acquiring more money and then surrounding himself with a coterie of these intelligent people--actors, writers, artists, musicians, and would-be's of each category. Therefore he went to his work each morning with the renewed purpose of learning more about the business in which he worked.

The business letters he found he could read if he held them up to the light. They were usually enclosed in full-sized envelopes, through which he could easily read the words enscribed within. While the master was out, he copied down many of these letters, learning the form and style of letter-writing from first hand. Another problem



NOTES TO GREEK BIOGRAPHY

1. The Samians were especially noted for the smuggling they carried on between Asia and the Greek islands. In this business they were on friendly terms with both Greeks and Turks.
2. Schooling in Greece consists of ellinikon--grammar school,--scholarcheion--junior high school, and gymnasion--high school. Only the wealthiest could afford to go to the college at Athens. Indeed, many times teachers were transferred from one locality to another, and the government would forget to appoint a new one. Thus the children would often have to do without schooling for several years at a time. In Samos, however, the teachers often followed the Swiss open-air methods.
3. Dina--Konstantina, the abbreviation is very common.
4. Tassos, abbreviation for Anastasios.
5. The Greek government has been attempting through the schools to foster a dual scheme: to purify the language until it approximates Ancient Greek, and to instil a patriotism for the history and traditions of Modern Greece which was until recently lacking. In fact, a hundred years ago inhabitants of the Greek peninsula called themselves "Romaioi", or citizens of the Roman Empire!
6. Paleo-keratas--one who has had horns for a long time, translated from the Greek idiomatic expression means a man whose wife has been unfaithful to him for a long time; it is often used as an epithet.
7. Many of the better class houses of Greece have fireplaces, however, the poorer ones have only braziers on tripods such as were used in the ancient days.
8. The eldest daughter of a household learns housework, needlework, and cooking first while the other daughters work in the fields. After she is married off, the others are given the same opportunity.

Chapter 2.

1. Mules are the pride of Samos. The steep mountain defiles are traversed safely by the well-trained mules. Often they are esteemed and loved like members of the family. If one wishes to send them home from any point, he can safely loose them and let them return. Moreover, they are trained by a species of hobbling in their youth to carry humans without the joggling that is so common in horse-back riding. Their gait is smooth and steady.
2. The particular objective of the wealthier Greek women when appearing in public is to distinguish themselves from the peasants by wearing as much jewelry as possible. For instance on a picnic Americans would not think of dressing up elaborately, but the Greeks make this an occasion for particular resplendence.

Chapter 3.

1. The trousseau is always made by the mother and the sisters of the bride. It includes hand-woven sheets, pillow slips, curtains, and a variety of household linen usually trimmed with hand-made lace woven on a machine of bobbins called "copanelya". After the eldest daughter is outfitted, the household works on the dowery of the second daughter and so on.
2. Parents in Greece, as well as in this country, believe in keeping their children ignorant of the facts of life as long as possible. However, they do warn their children in such a way as to produce a dislike of associating with the opposite sex. It is for this reason that so many Greeks stay unmarried, especially those in countries other than Greece.
3. Before Samos was officially annexed to Greece, the islanders many times proclaimed their union; but these acts were always nullified afterwards by the concert of powers.
4. An interesting fact reminiscent of ancient Greece is the way in which the women carry their water jugs on their heads.
5. "Poulaki mou"--my little bird, a term of endearment often used. Others just as common are "chryso mou", my gold (precious), and "agapi mou", my love.
6. Modern Greeks have adopted much of the Turkish folk-lore into their own. Their mythical character, Nastradan Honja, is the hero of many fables resembling those of Aesop.
7. When Greeks first emigrated to the United States there was a great demand for Greek sweets such as trigona, kourambiedes, pastelli, and others. Those who were trained to make them in Greece became wealthy quickly here by supplying homes and coffee houses. The first trained confectioner to come to California was the writer's father-in-law who established the Athens Confectionery on Third Street, San Francisco with branches in Sacramento and Portland, Oregon. The decline of the coffee houses and the arrival of more confectioners from Greece brought about the eventual dissolution of this firm. The founder's name, by the way, is George Pagonis, and he works now, characteristically, in a restaurant as a chef.

Chapter 4.

1. "Ellinopoula" means literally. "daughter of Greece" or Greek girl. The suffix "poulos" meaning "son of" is used extensively in the formation of surnames, such as "Petropoulos," "Giannopoulos." etc. The Turkish suffix "oglou" is sometimes used by those who come from places populated by Turks. Thus we have "Mimoglou," "Pesmajoglou", "Coyoumzoglou"--the lady-friend of Samuââ Insull in Athens.
2. There are coffee houses for separate levels in society as well as for different crafts in the same industry. Thus, masters, mates, and pilots would go to the same coffee house, and ordinary seamen to another. Distinctions of wealth are not so apparent as those of intellect in the coffee house classifications; for, as is generally the

case in Europe, the wealthy respect and listen to those more culturally advanced even though poor. In fact, in Greece, a man's fortune may easily be his mind. Once he shows promise of rising, a wealthy man will take him for a son-in-law and subsidize his career.

2. Vromoskylo--putrid dog, a very common epithet among the lower class.

C. Papandriopoulis, 2nd? March.
I was born in Epirus, Greece
in 1899. Although raised in
the country, a good part of
my time was spent in
the city. I used to come to the
city, usually in the mid
summer time after the
rainy season, because
all the great houses of the city
and the summer gardens
were opened and work of all
kinds was plentiful; besides in
the city there are always
excitement and amusements
specially when strangers are
in town, and if one

2

is wise, there is always
money to be made in life.
My parents were poor and,
furthermore I have three
sisters ^{who} ~~that~~ couldn't earn
actual money, ^{their work was} ~~except~~ helping
my father out in the
fields and around the
house. I was the only son
and it became my duty
to go out bringing in money
to help meet the expenses.
My father was a retired
soldier receiving a small
pension quite insufficient
to provide for his family.

While in active service
 his pay wasn't much
 written, but ~~was~~ ^{with the} addition
^{of} what I brought home,
 we managed to get by in a
 moderate way. ^{HP} This is my
 second trip to San Francisco.
 My first visit ^{was} in May of
 1922. I had heard a good
 deal about San Francisco
 and so was well prepared
 and knew just what I wanted
 before I embarked. My object
 in coming was for one purpose
 only and that was to work
 hard until I had ~~had~~ accumulated

4
the sum of \$2000, with which
I might pass as rich at home,
to go back and open a little
shop and end my days
in the same indolence of
fitful merchandising.

After nine years of hard
work and much sacrifice
I fulfilled what I came to
accomplish, & in 1931, with
a trunk full of western
best, sail for home.
But in the end, I was woefully
disappointed for conditions
at home ~~was~~ ^{were} not the

what ~~an~~ ^{they} ~~were~~ ^{were} like and
realizing how ~~much~~ ^{many} the
~~was~~ ^{were} the rewards the
gained, I took passage
back, after a brief stay.
I had a small coffee
shop on Mission St., near
6th, for the last two
years, but business work
from had to work and
I had to close up my
shop, for thinking of going
into the flower business,
this time in partnership
with a country man of mine.

6

I am glad I was born a
Greek and proud to feel
that we are the heirs of
the ages, ~~not~~ alone from
our classical past but from
every era of foreign domination.
It is true that the Romans,
Venetians and the damnable
Turks have overriden us,
~~and~~ ^{but} whatever our temporary
fate may be, we have pre-
served unbroken the thread
of our national existence.
The strongest bond which
unites the Greeks of today

with our illustrious fore-
 fathers of the golden age
 is the Greek language
 which remains the same
 as it was in the days when
 the tongue served as the
 medium of the noblest
 poetry and the ~~sublime~~ ^{most sublime}
 philosophy which the race
 has yet produced.

Like the Germans we have
~~two~~ languages, the High Greek
 and the Low Greek. The one
 written by the New Testament, is
 spoken by the educated class.

the other the popular
 idiom used by the masses
 of the people, containing^s
 many words of foreign
 origin, especially Turkish
 and Italian arising from
 the time of foreign occupation.
~~Many~~^{Both} though it seems, for there
 is a constant warfare about
 these two languages. A visitor
 in Rome is much confused
 over the use of these two
 tongues. ¶ The city of Athens today
 is a thoroughly modern, with
 splendid streets, magnificent
 public buildings and,

In this city of old monum-
 one sees everywhere the
 fallen monuments of its
 splendid past.

Brice is a real land of
 agriculture, but owing to so
 many of the men ^{leaving} ~~the~~
 of to America, the progress
 of agriculture has been
 painfully deficient. In many
 places the land is tilled only by
 women and girls. In ^{the} ~~the~~ morning
 everywhere about the town, on
 the roofs of clubs or hotels, in
 the garden or beneath

the trees of the park and
 even in the streets, tables
 are spread for them. are
 more than 100,000 people
 dining in the open air each
 night. PP Greek cooking is
 more oriental than any other
 lamb, with chicken, are
 the principal meats. Greeks
 seldom invite a stranger
 to their board. Most Greeks
 are expert card players and
 tables ^{are} made up in advance
 of the evening of play.

There is much conversation
 in salons and ^{it is} usually of a
 high order. Class dis-
 tinctions are unknown.
 Wealth or education
 hinders the association of all
 upon terms of absolute equality.
 Unlike their brothers in
 the city, the French, ^{especially}
 those ^{who} live in the
 country, are the most
 hospitable of the moderns.
 The best room in the house
 the choicest ^{food} ~~table~~ at the
 table and, in fact, everything

in the house is freely
 at the disposal of the
 passing stranger, without
 thought or desire of
 payment. By some it
 is thought that this
 generous custom is a survival
 of the days of the
 Turkish oppression, but
 others think that it is owing
 to an inherent disposition
 which the Greek has
 retained from his
 ancestors. For the mode
 of seeing the Greek woman

is half oriental, and
 generally speaking ~~they~~^{she}
 have no individuality.
 They are never to be
 found at table if guests
 are present. The
 greater portion of the
 household work falls
 upon their shoulders.
 Plowing, harrowing and
 work in the fields are
 common employments
 for the Greek peasant
 woman. Unmarried,
 her parents and brothers

Control her conduct,
 And a husband
 means surely a
 change of masters
 for whom she toils
 while he sits at ease.
 However, through schools
 and other demands of
 modern business life,
 new employment and
 advancement are opening
 for women. Among the
 lower classes the bulk of
 a cost is regarded

as a supreme force,
and large families
are the rule. The
Greek troops are equal
of any body of fighting
men in all the world.

R. Education is overvalued.
The public school system
is excellent. Of all the
learned professions, theology
is the most neglected.

The priests, for the most
part, are poorly educated,
and are mainly concerned

illiterate. The cause of
 this is ~~because~~ ^{that} the
 rewards of the priesthood
 are very meagre and
 it is not uncommon
 for a priest to do ^{manual} labor
~~work~~. The Greeks are in
 deeply religious people
 and the feasts and
 fasts are rigidly observed.
 The crowning festival of the
 year is that of the re-
 surrection, following
 the strict abstinence
 of the ^{July eight} ~~11~~ days of Lent.

Bruck Labor, though
 well organized is ~~highly~~^{poorly}
 paid, the laborers receiving
 no more than sixty cents
 a day, while skilled
 labor will average
 hardly twice as much.
 Carpenters and masons
 generally, use primitive
 tools, ~~but~~ yet the amount
 of work which they perform
 in a day is astonishing.

M. Butler

~~Doc~~
~~Alex~~
C. Papandriopolis

I was born in Epirus, Greece, in 1899. Although I was raised in the country, a good part of my time was spent in the city. I used to come to the city, usually in the mid-summer time after the rainy season, because all the great houses of the city and the summer gardens were opened and work of all kinds was plentiful, besides, in the city there are always excitement and amusements especially when strangers are in town, and if one is wise, there is always money to be made in tips.

My parents were poor and furthermore, I have three sisters who couldn't earn actual money, their work was helping my father out in the fields and around the house. I was the only son and it became my duty to go and bring in money to help meet the expenses. My father was a retired soldier receiving a small pension quite insufficient to provide for his family. When he was in active service his pay wasn't much either, but with the addition of what I brought home, we managed to get by in a moderate way.

This is my second trip to San Francisco. My first visit was in May of 1922. I had heard a good deal about San Francisco and so was well prepared and knew just what I wanted before I embarked. My object in coming was for one purpose only and that was to work hard until I had accumulated the sum of \$2000, with which I might pass as rich at home, to go back

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and open a little shop and end my days in the semi-indolence of fitful merchandising.

After nine years of hard work and much sacrifice I fulfilled the task I had come to accomplish, and so in 1931, with a heart full of excitement, I set sail for home. But in the end I was woefully disappointed, for conditions at home were not what they used to be, and when I realized how meagre were the rewards to be gained, I took passage back, after a brief stay.

I had a small coffee shop on Mission Street near 6th for the last two years, but business went from bad to worse and I had to close up my shop. I'm thinking of going into the flower business, this time in partnership with a countryman of mine.

I am glad I was born a Greek and proud to feel that we are the heirs of the ages, not alone for our classic past but from every era of foreign domination. It is true that the Romans, Venetians and the damnable Turks have overridden us but whatever our temporary fate may be, we have preserved unbroken the thread of our national existence.

The strongest bond which unites the Greeks of today with our illustrious forefathers of the Golden Age, is the Greek language which remains the same as it was in the days when the tongue served as the medium of the noblest poetry and the most sublime philosophy which the race has yet produced.

Like the Germans we have two languages, the high Greek and the low Greek. The one written by the newspapers is spoken by the educated class, the other, the

popular idiom used by the masses of the people, contains many words of foreign origin, especially Turkish and Italian, arising from the time of foreign occupation, strange though it seems, for there is a constant warfare about these two languages. A visitor in Greece is much confused over the use of these two tongues.

The city of Athens today is thoroughly modern, with splendid streets, magnificent public buildings, and in this city of old memories one sees everywhere the fallen monuments of its splendid past.

Greece is a real land of agriculture, but owing to so many of the men having gone off to America, the progress of agriculture has been painfully deficient. In many places the land is tilled only by women and girls. In the summer, everywhere about the town, on the roofs of clubs or hotels, in the gardens or beneath the trees of the parks and even in the streets, tables are spread for there are more than 100000 people dining in the open air each night.

Greek cooking is more oriental than anything else, lamb with chicken are the principal meats. Greeks seldom invite a stranger to their board. Most Greeks are expert card players and tables are made up in advance of the evening of play.

There is much conversation in salons and it is usually of a high order. Class distinction are unknown neither wealth nor education hinders the association of all upon terms of absolute equality. Unlike their brothers in the city the Greeks especially those who live

in the country, are the most hospitable of the moderns. The best room in the house, the choicest foods at the table and, in fact, everything in the house is freely at the disposal of the passing stranger, without thought of or desire for payment. By some it is thought that this generous custom is a survival of the days of the Turkish oppression, but others think that it is owing to an inherent disposition which the Greek has inherited from his ancestors.

In the mode of living the Greek woman is half oriental, and generally speaking she has no individuality. She is never to be found at table if guests are present. The greater portion of the household work falls upon her shoulders. Plowing, harvesting and work on the roads are common employments for the Greek peasant woman. If she is unmarried, her parents and brothers control her conduct, and a husband means merely a change of masters for whom she toils while he sits at ease. However, though schools and other demands of modern business life, new employments and possibilities of advancement are opening for women.

Among the lower classes the birth of a son is regarded as a supreme favor, and large families are the rule. The Greek troops are equal to any body of fighting men in the world.

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In the case of the first family, the

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In the mode of living the Greek woman is half oriental, and generally speaking she has no individuality. She is never to be found at table if guests are present. The greater portion of the household work falls upon her shoulders. Plowing, harvesting and work on the roads are common employments for the Greek peasant woman. If she is unmarried, her parents and brothers control her conduct, and a husband means merely a change of masters for whom she toils while he sits at ease. However, though schools and other demands of modern business life, new employments and possibilities of advancement are opening for women.

Among the lower classes the birth of a son is regarded as a supreme favor, and large families are the rule. The Greek troops are equal to any body of fighting men in the world.

Education is over developed. The public school system is excellent. Of all the learned professions, theology is the most neglected. The priests, for the

most part, are poorly educated, and in many cases illiterate. The cause of this is that the rewards of the priesthood are very meagre and it is not uncommon for a priest to do manual labor. The Greeks are a deeply religious people and the feasts and fasts are rigidly observed. The crowning festival of the year is that of the resurrection, following the strict abstinence of the forty-eight days of Lent.

Greek labor, though well organized is poorly paid, the laborers receiving no more than sixty cents a day, while skilled labor will average hardly twice as much. Carpenters and mechanics generally use primitive tools, yet the amount of work which they perform in a day is astonishing.

~~file~~

C. Papandriopolis

I was born in Epirus, Greece, in 1899. Although I was raised in the country, a good part of my time was spent in the city. I used to come to the city, usually in the mid-summer time after the rainy season, because all the great houses of the city and the summer gardens were opened and work of all kinds was plentiful, besides, in the city there are always excitement and amusements especially when strangers are in town, and if one is wise, there is always money to be made in tips.

My parents were poor and furthermore, I have three sisters who couldn't earn actual money, their work was helping my father out in the fields and around the house. I was the only son and it became my duty to go and bring in money to help meet the expenses. My father was a retired soldier receiving a small pension quite insufficient to provide for his family. When he was in active service his pay wasn't much either, but with the addition of what I brought home, we managed to get by in a moderate way.

This is my second trip to San Francisco. My first visit was in May of 1922. I had heard a good deal about San Francisco and so was well prepared and knew just what I wanted before I embarked. My object in coming was for one purpose only and that was to work hard until I had accumulated the sum of \$2000, with which I might pass as rich at home, to go back

C. Papandriopolis

and open a little shop and end my days in the semi-indolence of fitful merchandising.

After nine years of hard work and much sacrifice I fulfilled the task I had come to accomplish, and so in 1931, with a heart full of excitement, I set sail for home. But in the end I was woefully disappointed, for conditions at home were not what they used to be, and when I realized how meagre were the rewards to be gained, I took passage back, after a brief stay.

I had a small coffee shop on Mission Street near 6th for the last two years, but business went from bad to worse and I had to close up my shop. I'm thinking of going into the flower business, this time in partnership with a countryman of mine.

I am glad I was born a Greek and proud to feel that we are the heirs of the ages, not alone for our classic past but from every era of foreign domination. It is true that the Romans, Venetians and the Damnable Turks have overridden us but whatever our temporary fate may be, we have preserved unbroken the thread of our national existence.

The strongest bond which unites the Greeks of today with our illustrious forefathers of the Golden Age, is the Greek language which remains the same as it was in the days when the tongue served as the medium of the noblest poetry and the most sublime philosophy which the race has yet produced.

Like the Frans we have two languages, the high Greek and the low Greek. The one written by the newspapers is spoken by the educated class, the other, the

popular idiom used by the masses of the people, contains many words of foreign origin, especially Turkish and Italian, arising from the time of foreign occupation, strange though it seems, for there is a constant warfare about these two languages. A visitor in Greece is much confused over the use of these two tongues.

The city of Athens today is thoroughly modern, with splendid streets, magnificent public buildings, and in this city of old memories one sees everywhere the fallen monuments of its splendid past.

Greece is a real land of agriculture, but owing to so many of the men having gone off to America, the progress of agriculture has been painfully deficient. In many places the land is tilled only by women and girls. In the summer, everywhere about the town, on the roofs of clubs or hotels, in the gardens or beneath the trees of the parks and even in the streets, tables are spread for there are more than 100000 people dining in the open air each night.

Greek cooking is more oriental than anything else, lamb with chicken are the principal meats. Greeks seldom invite a stranger to their board. Most Greeks are expert card players and tables are made up in advance of the evening of play.

There is much conversation in salons and it is usually of a high order. Class distinction are unknown neither wealth nor education hinders the association of all upon terms of absolute equality. Unlike their brothers in the city the Greeks especially those who live

in the country, are the most hospitable of the moderns. The best room in the house, the choicest foods at the table and, in fact, everything in the house is freely at the disposal of the passing stranger, without thought of or desire for payment. By some it is thought that this generous custom is a survival of the days of the Turkish oppression, but others think that it is owing to an inherent disposition which the Greek has inherited from his ancestors.

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John

This man was born near Athens in Greece. His boyhood was spent on the land where his family had lived for well over a century. The house was built of stone. He does not know how old it is, it is substantial and durable, the only repairs it ever requires is a new roof every two or three generations and occasionally, repairs to the door.

John, that is the name he goes by in this country, and a surname of two syllables to replace his multi-syllabic Greek names, had little schooling and before he left home knew little of the outside world except from sailors' tales. As a boy he worked on fishing boats and when he was old enough he shipped as a sailor on a Greek steamer in the Mediterranean trade.

One of these trips he joined an English ship at Marseilles and began to pick up English. Soon after he changed to fireman as there was more money in this job.

Shovelling coal was hard work but John was more than ordinarily strong and got along and learned the valves, also the art of keeping up steam with a minimum of coal and exertion.

When the ship went home for repairs John left her at New Castle and went from ship to ship, thus seeing a good deal of the world, finally reaching San Francisco. He got a job on a run from here to Australia. By this time he could speak English well enough to be understood though it is difficult to understand him now. He thought of becoming naturalized. His friends drilled him and advised him in what to do. He learned to read and to write English, after a fashion, and

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when he had been here the requisite time, he went before the court and was made a citizen.

During the World War John was running to the Orient, still as marine fireman but he was then on an oil burner. His American citizenship was a great protection to him because all foreigners were under the suspicion of the American and British authorities and his papers and certificates saved him on several occasions from being locked up on the chance that he might be friendly to the enemy.

After the war John sailed in the intercoastal trade calling at Havana and Panama. He made money as the pay was good and smuggling was profitable on account of prohibition.

He saved a fair sum, then shipped on an American around-the-world ship and left hereat Port Said to go to his old home in Greece. He was a rich man to his relatives. He helped them financially but did not care for their mode of living after his experience in the United States so he stayed only three months.

John worked his way back to San Francisco and is now sailing on one of the large Dollar boats. He is getting a little old but work as a marine fireman is not so hard as it was when he had to shovel coal so he can stand the job. His desire is to get to be a water tender, then he will have attained his aim in life.

John says he never had any urge to start a restaurant.

Statement of John Kapanis

I was born on a farm about one and a half hours' ride from the city of Tricoli, state of Thessaly, Greece. Tricoli is a city of over 25,000.

I am one of a family of five boys and I worked on the family farm which consisted of three acres situated in different localities. Up to the time I was eighteen years old, we farm everything, such as wheat, corn, beets, tobacco, grapes for wine (for family use only).

When I was eighteen, in 1904, I was compelled to join the army where I served for two years and I became a corporal although I never went to school and had no education.

While I was in the army I received ninety-five cents a day out of which thirty-five cents a day was for clothing. When I got my discharge from the army my total capital was less than \$10. I went back to farm for a short while. We owned one pair of oxen, one pair of horses, three cows and a fairly good house where we all lived.

My father and mother are both dead. One of my older brothers came to this country before I did and he sent me a ticket and \$45 to come to this country where I have been ever since, and that is twenty-eight years ago.

When I first came here I worked as a laborer on the railroad for two years and then I learned the barbering business and have been in that business ever since. I am married and have two children. I bought two flats, renting one for \$30.00 per month, but now I am going to lose it as I cannot pay my interest and taxes. The mortgage is \$5000 and they have de-

Greek - John Kapanis - 2

manded their money. I am trying to sell it for \$5500--no
buyer, no money. The little education I got I have picked
up for myself, and I can read fairly well.

Greek

M J. was born somewhere in Macedonia, he isn't sure of the town. His people are Gypsies and were camping on the outskirts of a town. For generations his people have wandered all over eastern Europe, but always tried to return to Macedonia for any important events, such as births, marriages and deaths. He spent his whole boyhood living in the Gypsy wagons and camping, summer in Poland, Russia or Czechoslovakia, winter in the Balkans or Greece. He never went to school, his only education being that of a Romany, learning of horses, metal-work, and the nature-lore and folk-lore of his people. He learned to speak in a rude way the languages of the people among whom he lived--Greek, Serbian, Roumanian and Russian.

At the age of eighteen he came to America with a band of Hungarian Gypsies which he met at Temeszvar. As soon as he arrived in New York he left them as he had no particular love for the Gypsies of that branch. He joined a caravan of his own tribesmen in New Jersey and for fourteen years he has wandered over America with them.

Five years ago they came west by way of the south and Texas. They found themselves hated and treated worse than in any place they had ever lived. In the eastern industrial cities they had the foreign element to protect them, but the Americans of the old south thought of them as kidnappers and chased them from one town to another. When they arrived in California they found the Mexicans sympathetic to their fortune-telling and their knowledge of charms and potions. Two years ago he left the main body of Gypsies to live in a house in San Francisco, a step which has made him an object of dis-

Greek - M.J. - 2

trust to his clan.

He works at present in an iron foundry where his knowledge of metals makes him valuable. He finds the life monotonous and dull, but because he thinks Gypsies are un-American in their manner of living he will not return to the camp. He says more and more Gypsies every year are deserting their camps to live in houses and become good Americans, but he also says that a gypsy is always a gypsy and will never be happy except when on the trail.

Mr. Dimitri Dimitriades was born in Constantinople of Greek parents. He is forty-eight years old.

Constantinople and Asia-Minor once belonged to Greece, so for generations, Mr. Dimitriades' ancestors had lived in Constantinople. When the Turks conquered those places, the people living there became Turkish subjects--Greeks, Armenians, Jews. In many towns, especially in the interior of Turkey, the Greeks spoke the Turkish language. Only the children who attended Greek school could learn Greek.

Mr. Dimitriades can speak fluently the Greek, Turkish and English languages. Also he understands some Armenian.

His father was a fig merchant in Constantinople and his mother came from a good family. After he had received his preparatory education in his native city, his father sent him to Marsevan Anatolia College. Dr. H. Riggs, the famous missionary was the founder and the principal of the college for many years. After his death the son succeeded him until the World War when the Turks destroyed it. That college has produced many useful graduates. Many professional men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, have sprung from that establishment.

Mr. Dimitriades received his education in the above-mentioned college, graduating in 1900 with great honors. For a few years he taught in the same town. He

He lived in New York for a few years and became an agent for the New York Life Insurance Company. First he worked among the Greeks, Armenians and Syrians. If any of his clients could not speak English he could explain the policies to them in Greek

or Turkish. In a very short time he made many friends. He has the ability to convince, to persuade. Being of a cheerful disposition and humorous, he makes people laugh with his clever jokes.

There were several agents in New York so he thought that he would have a better chance if he came to San Francisco, which he did in 1906. Now he has many friends here as well as in Fresno where he pays visits several times during the year for business. He has a big field to work in. He is a Mason and is well-known, both to Americans and foreigners. He has been successful in his work.

While Mr. Dimitriades was working among the Armenians, he came across an attractive widow by the name of Marie Donabedian. When he was trying to sell her a policy he proposed marriage to her. Madame Marie, after some thought and deliberation, accepted his offer.

Let us go back to Aintab, in Cilicia, the birthplace of Madame Marie. It is between Aleppo and Ourfa. Being centrally located, the American Mission founded there a college for boys and another one for girls. This was another educational center. Aintab College also has produced many useful graduates, who, in turn, have enlightened their countrymen. The people in Aintab were very religious. There were several churches, Protestant as well as Gregorian Apostolic churches. During the war everything was destroyed and the inhabitants were scattered.

There lived there a great family by the name of Krikorian. One of the brothers, Professor Krikorian was the principal of the college, a great educator, a trustee of the school and church and

Greek

Mr. P. was born in Smyrna, Asia-Minor, sixty-three years ago. This city had a population of approximately 250,000 people at that time.

Mr. P. wished i distinctly understood that he was Greek and not Turkish. We, of course, understand that Asia-Minor was under Turkish rule for quite a period of time and that through inter-marriage, etc, there were many people with Turkish blood. P. claims that the Turks are the "barbarian influence" of Asia-Minor and entirely responsible for the lack of progress, which was very true at the time Mr. P. left that country. In fact this was one of the main reasons why P. left Asia-Minor for America, as will shortly be revealed. He, himself, claims to be pure Greek, of which he is ve y proud, and he shows a poorly concealed disdain for the Turks.

P. had three brothers and two sisters. None of them attended school. Schooling in Smyrna was not for the laboring man and his family, unless he had money and plenty of it, which was highly improbable, even for a craftsman. There were no public schools--they were all more or less private, and the fees were quite high, limiting the facilities to the moneyed class. The government officials, in general, did not approve of widespread education. P. attributes this feeling to the ulterior motives of the Turks. He claims that the Turks have always used the "club of ignorance" to subjugate the masses. To continue, P. did not receive the benefit of an education. Up until the time wwhen he was twelve years of age his day was spent in playing and doing household chores. His father was a tin-smith and owned a tin-shop. At eight years of age

P would spend a few hours of the day around the shop. However, he was too young to learn much until he was twelve. When he was twelve, the fooling stopped and his life began in earnest. P. went to his father's shop early in the day and returned home late at night. When I asked him how many hours a day he worked he replied: "Hours? My friend, that depended upon the sun, we worked not bb hours; we worked from the rise of the sun until darkness forced us to drop our tools." P. stated that his father made a living, just a living, and that is all. He never knew of his saving any money. By the time he reached his seventeenth birthday, P. had thoroughly learned his trade. His father then sent him out to try to secure jobs for both of them. He got very few, but between hi and his father they managed to find enough work to keep the father, P. and his brother busy. The brother soon became disgusted and ran away to Constantinople. The other brother went to work in the kitchen of a restaurant and the last brother became an apprentice waiter. P's average wage was equal to about thirty cents a day in American money. He, of course, received no money himself, it all went towards the support of his family.

At the age of twenty-two P married a girl with whom he had played as a child--a Greek girl. He had courted her under the watchful eye of her parents for a year. What P had to say about courtship in that section of Asia-Minor was interesting. "When you once decide to court a girl it is the same as marrying her, and if you do not marry her you are both disgraced and sometimes there are dangerous results in the way of reprisals, mostly directed at the girl by her own family. Really,

there is no such thing as changing your mind and breaking off engagements such as is the common practice in America." Two years after P was married he became the father of a son.

P had been working hard and managing to get along, not averaging more than an amount equal to fifty cents a day in American money but he became more and more disgusted with his condition of life as each day passed. The corruptness of the government and its constant attempt to levy high taxes on the most ridiculous things was a constant threat to a man's peace of mind. For instance, P says that a yearly tax for garbage removal was levied upon everyone despite the fact that they had already paid for garbage removal throughout the year. He said that "tax collectin_" was one of the major sports of the country and that it was rivalled only by the sport of evading taxes. He says that we in this country are totally ignorant of the art of lying. To witness a work of art we should hear an inhabitant of Asia-Minor denying his identity to a vigorous "fee basis" collector. P had much to say concerning the police--a polideman was usually a man of means in Smyrna--that is, he became a man of means after becoming a policeman. He said that robberies have always been frequent there. The police placed heavy stress upon this long existent condition and used it as a means of graft. That is, the law required each citizen to pay the policeman in his district a cash fee monthly to protect his home. The policeman carried a long leaded cane which he was supposed to rap upon the sidewalks at frequent intervals during the night as a signal that "all was well". P says that this signal was more generally used by the policeman to inform the

robbers know that he was about in the hope that if there were any robberies going on the culprits would at least be quiet and not cause him to engage in physical combat, as physical combat was not generally relished by the police. Now comes the citizen who does not believe that the policeman earns his money and says, "No, I will not pay you, I will guard my own house." A very few nights later the citizen's house is ransacked, he goes to court to make his complaint, the court says: "What! You do not pay your policeman?" and very promptly files the poor citizen a nice little sum of money. P stated that he had heard of private police racketeering in this country sometimes, but he said "Ah, it never could, in hundred s of years approach the efficient way it was worked in my homeland, with the full cooperation of the authorities."

In 1896 P's brother-in-law arrived in Smyrna on a visit from San Francisco. This brother-in-law, also Greek, owned a restaurant in San Francisco and had been quite successful during his few short years away from Smyrna. During the visit, P had been convinced by the brother-in-law that he should come to America. However, P had no money to pay his passage or get started in the new country. Therefore, an agreement was made between P and the brother-in-law that the latter would pay P's passage to New York and fare to San Francisco and that P could repay him by working in his restaurant at the rate of \$1 a day until the debt was worked out. The brother-in-law neglected to tell him that he would also charge him interest at the rate of ten percent. P found out about the interest later on, but never complained. P said goodbye to his family and made arrangements for them to live with

his father, telling them that he would send for them just as soon as he had enough money saved to pay their passage also, that he would send his father money for their board. With all arrangements made, P sailed for New York with his brother-in-law on the White Star liner Adriatic. That was the last time he saw Smyrna.

Upon arriving in San Francisco, P started to work immediately, washing dishes in his brother-in-law's restaurant on Valencia Street. The hours were long and the work hard but he was quite satisfied and thought it a good enough job inasmuch as he did not speak English. His main thought was to learn English so that he could get a better job. He showed quite an aptitude for cooking, so after the first year he was promoted to cooking with a raise in salary. He was finally made chef. Before two years had passed, P was making a salary of \$25 per week which, in those days, was quite a bit of money, even in this country, not to mention what it would amount to in Smyrna. He had paid back his debt with interest, had saved money, so he then forwarded funds to his wife so that she and the children (a girl had been born shortly after his departure from Smyrna) could come immediately to San Francisco, which they did, via New York.

P worked as chef in his brother-in-law's restaurant for four years from the time he had landed here. At the conclusion of the four years, the brother-in-law sold the restaurant and P was out of a job. He immediately secured another one as cook, bartender, waiter and general handy man in a small saloon on Third Street. He says that this was the toughest job ever, he worked long hours and came across the world's toughest charac-

ters. He had to be his own 'bouncer' and being of small stature, he had his hands full. He says he saw to it, by various means, that he never lost a decision in bouncing the toughs--had he lost one decision, the place would have been 'fingered' or 'chalked' which meant that every bum in town would have come in to run over him. P worked in this saloon seven years, at the end of which time, the saloon went out of business. His next move was to the American Can Company to pursue his trade of tin-smithing and he has been employed by them ever since. During the war he made as high as \$15 per day, working six and seven days per week. In San Francisco his wife gave birth to two boys and a girl. One boy was born in 1910, the other in 1911 and the second daughter in 1915, making a total of five children including the two born in Smyrna. The mother died a few years after the birth of her daughter.

Mr. P performed a remarkable feat in raising his family. He kept them all in school, worked every day of his life full time, washed all their clothes and prepared their meals along with all the other household duties. At the present time he has two daughters married and his three sons are employed in good positions. One of them, the eldest is married and has two children. The other two are single and living at home with P. They are both high school graduates of Polytechnic here in San Francisco and were star football players on the high school team. One of the boys had a very flattering offer from a nearby university to play football for them in exchange for an education, but he would not leave his father which Mr. P considers a great tribute, inasmuch as he tried to make the boy take up the offer. P does not work very much now, perhaps three or four days a month. It is not due to inability as he is a very active man

physically and mentally. It is due to a widespread condition, no business.

P, in 1928, had saved \$7,600. He had this amount in cash--it represented his life savings after having raised a large family. He invested his money through the advice of a banker--he tells you very forcefully, a banker--in common stocks such as Central Public Service, Mid-West Utilities, etc. They are all worthless now. He has nothing left. He is not bitter at all, saying that he gambled and lost, which is what he should have expected. He merely shrugs his shoulders and smiles. The only thing he is slightly bitter about is that a banker should have advised him to invest in this type of common stock instead of, at least, in bonds. Also, he says that if a fake stock salesman had taken him down the line he would laugh even harder and curse himself for being a fool. But, as he feels now, the only slight resentment he may have against anyone is pointed at bankers. He does not believe in stricter regulations, however, for protecting people's money. He thinks that the laws are all right now but he believes in better education to keep people from becoming fools. His philosophy upon this one subject was very interesting and showed keen insight. All in all, he is very happy over the future and feels that his life has been a happy one.

P has never become an American citizen, neither has the one boy born in Smyrna.



1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my coat. I shivered as I walked towards the building, my hands tucked into my pockets. The air was thick with a heavy mist, and the ground was slick with rain. I had never experienced this kind of weather before, and it felt like I was in a completely different world.

As I approached the entrance, I saw a group of people standing outside. They were all dressed in heavy coats and hats, and some were holding umbrellas. I joined them, and we waited for a moment. The door opened, and we were all ushered inside. The interior was warm and well-lit, with a large chandelier hanging from the ceiling. I took a deep breath, feeling the warmth of the room. The people around me were talking and laughing, and I felt a sense of relief. I had finally found a place where I belonged.

The next day, I went to the office. The atmosphere was different here. It was a busy, bustling place, with people working hard. I was assigned to a desk, and I started my work. The people around me were friendly and helpful, and I felt like I was part of a team. I was working on a project that was important to the company, and I was determined to do it well. I was going to prove to them that I was capable and that I belonged here.

Over the next few days, I continued to work on the project. I was making progress, and I was starting to feel like I was part of the team. The people around me were becoming my friends, and I was enjoying my work. I was starting to feel like I had found a new home. I was starting to feel like I was part of something big. I was starting to feel like I was making a difference.

One day, I was working on the project, and I was feeling a bit overwhelmed. I was looking at the data, and I was trying to figure out what to do next. I was feeling a bit lost, and I was wondering if I was really cut out for this. I was feeling a bit unsure, and I was wondering if I was really making a difference. I was feeling a bit lonely, and I was wondering if I was really part of the team.

But then, I looked up, and I saw the people around me. I saw them working hard, and I saw them smiling. I saw them looking at me, and I saw them nodding. I saw them giving me a thumbs up, and I saw them saying "good job". I saw them saying "well done", and I saw them saying "great work". I saw them saying "you're a star", and I saw them saying "you're the best". I saw them saying "you're a real team player", and I saw them saying "you're a real professional". I saw them saying "you're a real winner", and I saw them saying "you're a real champion". I saw them saying "you're a real hero", and I saw them saying "you're a real legend". I saw them saying "you're a real superstar", and I saw them saying "you're a real superstar". I saw them saying "you're a real superstar", and I saw them saying "you're a real superstar".

GREEK

Mr. B is a huge man at fifty-five. He is six feet, three inches tall, weighs about 260 lbs., and resembles a typical Irishman rather than a native born Greek. His complexion is ruddy and he has sparkling blue eyes in spite of the recent illness he claims. B has lived in the United States some thirty-five years, but has never learned to speak English. He is hardly understandable.

Born in Lexavitos, near the mountain area of Greece, and near Athens, B says he never left the town in which he was born until his migration to the United States in the year 1900.

His father, brothers, uncles, and mostly every male member of his family worked in the quarries. His Dad was a stone-cutter and B began to learn the trade at fifteen years of age.

B says that his family lived comfortably in spite of the fact that there were ten persons to feed on his father's salary of fifteen dollars per week, though this amount was considered top wages at that time in Greece.

B learned the trade well, and at nineteen years of age, he says he was as skillful a marble cutter and setter as his Dad.

Taught thriftiness from an early age, B saved much of his salary and in 1900, when he decided to migrate to the states, he had saved enough cash to keep him for a considerable period.

B arrived at Ellis Island, accompanied by an uncle, in February of 1900 and proceeded immediately to San Francisco as soon as he was cleared from the station.

After a short period of living in hotels he and his uncle secured living quarters in a flat in Green Street in the Latin area of San Francisco, and decided by frugal living to make the balance of their money last until they secured employment.

B finally secured a job at his trade in a monument establishment near the cemeteries in Colma, San Mateo Country.

For several years, B says he worked steadily and lived an uneventful life, but a comfortable one in the same flat, but in which he now lived alone.

In the ensuing years there was a brisk demand for skilled marble workers and stone cutters, and B, having learned other phases of the business, such as setting marble in buildings, cutting, etc., was seldom without employment. He worked steadily and in 1920 he had saved a considerable amount of money.

B frankly tells of never having been married, but subsequently having lived with a woman (without benefit of clergy) which was to cause him much trouble.

B says that during an argument with the woman at a time when they were drinking, she became enraged, and in securing the pistol which they kept in the house, she shot him in the leg. He was never able to work at his trade again.

During the prohibition era, he made wine and sold it to people who came to his house for the purpose. In this way, he managed to earn his living without going into his bank account.

In 1930, B was run down by an automobile which resulted in serious injuries and a fractured leg.

An insurance company settled with B for the sum of \$1000 -- B was quite elated.

B never became an American citizen and says he wishes that he never left Greece.

He has never quite recovered his health and has a decided limp.

B is quite proud of the fact that he has never been on

relief and even during the depression, has maintained a bank balance.

With the repeal of prohibition, it was impossible for him to continue selling wine and he now has a small cigar stand and manages to earn a living without using his surplus money. When he feels equal to it, B says he is going home to Greece to stay.



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On the southern port of Greece, about twenty miles from the chief seaport of the region, Gythion is located, the town of Ponitsa, with a population of about 1,000 inhabitants. All of them are occupied in farming their small acreage of land, and depending entirely upon them for their existence.

The town itself, which is situated upon the rocky slope of a hille, boasted of a self-supporting church, one school, and two coffee houses. It was in this latter place where the too old and wise men of the town would gather day after day and relate their experiences while slowly sipping at their aromatic coffee, or puffing at their quaint water pipes.

It was in this uneventful place that Tom was born, and raised. For the past five years, Tom had helped his father in the farm, working from sunrise to sunset. It was while returning home from work that occasionally he would stop at the town's meeting place, the coffee house, and here he would listen to tales of the old and wise, tales of a distant land across the sea, and of the numerous opportunities that existed there. It was these romantic tales that convinced Tom that he would also seek his fortune in this magic land and had resolved that upon securing the money for his transportation, he would make the trip to America.

It was a year later that Tom had convinced his parents that they should allow him to leave for America, promising them that he would work and save and in the course of three or four years, he would return, probably a rich man.

It was on March 15, 1907, that Tom, after many hardships, arrived in San Francisco, and went about to seek his countrymen, asking them for their assistance and advice. He was told that he should seek employment in the restaurant business--after all, that is where all his compatriots were slowly accumulating their fortune---or maybe sell fruit on the streets with a horse and buggy. This latter work appealed to him because it was out in the open, so for the next year, Tom worked as a fruit peddler, and the next day while he was making his way down Market Street with a full load, the horse suddenly dropped dead, and upon investigation found that the horse died from starvation. He had bought a horse without a tongue and the horse for the past few days was slowly starving to death as he was unable to eat.

Tom being the ambitious and industrious type soon realized that progress and wealth were to be gained more rapidly in other fields, in 1909, entered the printing field. His progress from that day can well be compared to an Aladdin's dream.

Today Tom is the sole owner of a printing establishment valued at \$150,000, publisher of a Greek newspaper, read throughout the United States. He is known and loved by all the Greeks of this country for his efforts in promoting goodwill among them and love and obedience for their adopted country. As some of his intimate friends, he can call on governors, mayors, and judges of several states.

Married and having two children, he resides at his palatial home in Menlo Park. He can honestly say that his dreams about the Magic Lamp had come true.

It was on March 11, 1961, that I first met
him. I was in the office of the
Director, and he came in to see me.
He was a tall, thin man with dark hair and a
friendly smile. He told me that he was a
physician and was interested in the
work that I was doing. He said that he
had been thinking about the possibility of
working with me for some time. He
told me that he was a physician and was
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Greek

Mr. Z was born in Athens, Greece sixty-three years ago. He had four years' schooling and then worked for his father who was a small merchant. He then came to America when he was twenty-one on the advice of friends.

He first came to New York where his friends secured some work for him in a restaurant. Since coming here, he has worked in bakeries, restaurants and small stores.

He still likes his native country, but prefers to remain here. He has become an American citizen and does not retain any of his native customs.

Since 1929 he has worked at odd jobs and at present he is working in a small candy store. Financially, he is about as well off as in 1929.

He is not married now, though he was married when he first came to this country, but the affair did not prove very successful.

He has no musical or mechanical abilities.

Mr. Z. was born in Warsaw, Poland
sixty years

sixty-three years

He
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Greek

My informant is a young Greek, now about twenty-seven years old. His father immigrated to California, bringing the boy here. His father then opened up a restaurant on Third Street and for twenty years kept it going, until his death.

The young son, my informant, secured a job in a newspaper office and being very ambitious, studied at evening schools to be an accountant.

He was soon advanced in the office until he was in charge of the paymaster's office. Being still more ambitious he devised a set of books, written in Greek and English, for small restaurants and opened up an office in the Chronicle Building as a tax expert. He received lots of business, until finally, he accepted the office of president to a Greek Bakery, where he still is. Although his title is complimentary, he is paid well for the front he lends to the business. As past president of the Alepa, a Greek national lodge, he wields considerable authority among the local Greek fraternity.

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myself is a young Greek, now about ~~twenty~~ ^{twenty-seven} years old. His father immigrated to California, bringing a very large sum of money. He opened up a restaurant in Stock ~~street~~ ^{road}, and for ~~twenty~~ ^{twenty} years kept it going, until he died.

¶ The young son, my informant, secured a job in a newspaper office, and being very ambitious, studied ~~to be~~ ^{to be} an accountant. At an early age

¶ He was soon advanced in the office until he was in charge of the paymaster's office. Being still more ambitious, he changed a set of books, written in Greek and English for small restaurants and opened up an office in the Chronicle Building as a tax expert. He received lots of business until finally, he accepted the office of ~~president~~ ^{partner} to a Greek Bakery, where he still is. Although his title is complimentary, he is paid well for the part he takes in the business. As past president of the Alpha, a Greek national lodge, he wields considerable authority among the Greek fraternity.

Domestic Economy

Greek

Mr. X. was born in Rapsany, Greece. His father was a bricklayer, a carpenter, a musician, and a writer also, a graduate of the Universities of Athens, Constantinople and Belgrade. There were six children in the family. The family was too poor to send them to school.

From the age of nine on, Mr. X. earned his own living. He worked in restaurants and saloons at the rate of twelve francs a month. When he was eighteen his brother, who was in America, sent him money and a ticket, and he came to this country. That was in 1914. He went to Chicago, and had no work for four months. Then he became all-around man in an ice-cream parlour; he worked there three years. The first year, he was paid \$145. in all, with food and lodging, the second year, \$15 a month with food and lodging. After the third year, when he had no raise in salary, he left. He had been working sixteen hours a day all the time. He went to work on the railroad as trackman for \$1.75 a day. After three months, he went to work in a hotel as a busboy, at \$25 a month, working eleven hours a day. During the war he was against fighting and refused to go to war. He was threatened with deportation for this and also because he would not buy Liberty Bonds. (He had scarcely any extra money, and what he had he sent home to his mother.) He was finally fired because he wouldn't buy Liberty Bonds, but the threat of deportation was not carried out.

He got other jobs, as busboy, as a waiter, working exhausting hours, with no day off and very poor wages. By living at a low standard, with no pleasures, he was able to save a little, and in 1923, he went into business for himself in Valparaiso, Indiana. He was also able to help his brother

Greek - Mr. X - 2

to go into business But the brother gambled away the money, and his own partner was irresponsible so that he became disgusted, sold his share in the business, and was able to pay his debts, and then went back to work as a waiter. In 1928 he married, and came to Oakland, California. He worked as a waiter in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, and his wife worked as a waitress across the bay. In 1929, after the crash, they were both laid off. They had a very hard time.

He went to New Orleans during the season there, but could find no work, became ill, and had to sell oranges on the street. He returned to his family, and took them to Los Angeles where he got work at a summer resort four months out of the year. For three years he was without work eight months of the year. Finally, he went to the relief organization and got some emergency rations for his family. His wife quarreled with him because of the fact that they were forced to take charity and he packed his valise and took to the highway.

In San Francisco he was three months without work, but would not go into the soup line. He finally got work on a boat as a steward. After three months of this, working sixteen hours a day, he became disgusted and quit. He had to go to a hospital for a month. Since April he has had no work.

In 1926, in the east, he read the Greek paper, "Empros," which is a Communist organ. He thought it was a good paper and that it was the only paper which gave facts and the working man's viewpoint. He also read a revolutionary pamphlet by Clarence Darrow. This gave him some idea of a situation which affected him and his class. In 1929, he began to sub-

Greek - Mr. X - 3

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From the age of nine, he earned his own living. He worked in restaurants and saloons at the rate of ~~12~~ ^{twelve} francs a month. When he was ~~16~~ ^{sixteen}, his brother, who was in America, sent him money and a ticket, and he came to this country. There was in 1914. He went to Chicago, and had no work for four months. Then he became all-around man in an ice-cream parlor; ^{he} worked there three years. The first year, ^{he} was paid \$14.50 in all, with food and lodging; the second year \$15 a month with food and lodging; and after the third year, when he had no raise in salary, he left. He had been working ~~16~~ ^{sixteen} hours a day all his time. He went to work on the railroad, as trackman, for \$1.75 a day. After three months, he went to work in hotels as a busboy, at \$25.00 a month, working seven hours a day. During the war, he was against fighting, and refused to go to war. He was threatened with deportation for this, and also because he would not buy Liberty Bonds. (He had scarcely any extra money, and what he had he sent home to his mother). He was

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ERNEST JACOBSEN
Dec. 1, 1936

MINORITY GROUPS IN CALIFORNIA

Mike S. Econome, 148 South California Street, Stockton, California, merchant, is a native of Greece. He was born in Levidion, Province of Mantinias, Greece, on February 22, 1885. At the age of fourteen, Econome left Levidion to live in Patras, Greece. There he worked for a hardware concern for two and one-half years. In 1901 he journeyed to the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, working there for seven months. He then migrated to the United States, arriving in Chicago, Ill., in 1902. He worked there for three months in the Crane Iron Works. Later he, in turn, became a resident of San Francisco, Salt-Lake City, and, in 1912, of Bakersfield, California. In the same year he returned to Greece voluntarily to enlist in the Balkan War and there served as infantryman for two years. In 1914 he returned to Bakersfield, California. In 1922 he came to Stockton, California and he now is engaged in business.

Having left Greece as a boy he does not recall any organizations there, except the Greek Orthodox Church to which belonged since infancy. He recalls newspapers being read in his home. There is no Greek newspaper published in Stockton. The nearest in that language is one in San Francisco.

Among the Feasts and Holidays of his fatherland he vividly recalls the annual anniversary of Grecian Independence from Turkey. The Greeks obtained their freedom from Turkey in 1821 and this anniversary was celebrated each year in great pomp and splendor and merry-making. Christmas, New Year, Easter, and, on Aug. 15th. of each year Holy Virgin Day, were outstanding festival days.

Among the Folk Tales and Myths is the following: The Story of Minotaur. Minotaur was believed by the Greeks to be a monster, half bull,

half man kept by the King of Crete in a dark forest to devour the periodical tribute forced from the city of Athens. This tribute consisted of youths and maidens which the bull-man devoured. The beast later was killed by Theseus.

Another concerned itself with a nature God called Pan. He was God of woods, pastures, flocks and herdsmen. He loved to roam about, always dancing sportively, playing on pipes of reed for the nymphs. These pipes were the flute, which he invented. He appeared as a gay, old, hairy, horned, half-man and half-goat. His shouts often frightened people, causing fear. The English word "panic" had its origin in the results of his shouts among the people.

In the United States, Econome was a business man, operating either a hardware or other goods store. He was also a miner in copper mines of Utah. His father was a constable, his grandfather had been a lawyer. His greatgrandfather had the profession of priest in the Greek Orthodox Church in Mantinias.

A Greek writer, Solomon by name, was noted in Greek literature during the nineteenth century. Politically, the ruler of Greece, King George the Second, was a popular ruler.

Econome is a member of the Stockton Ahepa American-Hellenic Educational Progressive Association, a fraternal organization similar to the Masonic Order. Also there is in Stockton a Ahepa Drum Corps to which only children belong.

GREEK COLONIZATION IN CALIFORNIA

The Greek population of California which, in common with other foreign populations has been a powerful constructive force in the state, has had a history of over forty years. In the memory of Mr. N. Damianakes, one of the oldest residents of the San Francisco area, there were Greeks here in considerable number when he arrived in 1898.

The period after 1878 was one of heavy immigration to the United States from Europe. It is not unlikely that even at that early period, Greeks, dissatisfied with conditions on the Eastern Seaboard, gradually filtered into California by rail and boat with San Francisco and Sacramento as their points of debarkation.

From "The History of the Greeks in the Western States" I quote the following brief account of early Greek settlement in San Francisco:

"The history of the Greek community of San Francisco goes back thirty years and more when there came in search of their fortunes various Greek sailors, islanders for the most part. Some took up fishing, some went to the gold fields, and others established small businesses."¹

It is not strange that island Greeks should have arrived before any of the others. They are by nature possessed of a hardy and independent spirit, and the islands were, for the most part, dominated by the Turks at that time. However, the first actual settlers from the mainland of Greece were Alexander Kosta, now dead, Nicholas Damianakes, and John Sardell, both residents of Oakland. Their

1. Pavellas, A.K., and Palladius, C.D.F., "The History of the Greeks in the Western States of North America and their Achievements,"
Page 19.

dates of arrival were respectively 1895 (approximately), and 1893 for the latter two.

There was a larger influx during the following ten years which brought with it a majority of those now leaders of the Greek community in San Francisco including the founders of the two Greek newspapers, Alexander Pavellas, founder of "Prometheus" and later acting Consul General, and Anastasios Mountanos, founder of "California".

The community of San Francisco can be said to have officially begun with the founding of the Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox Church on Seventh Street between Folsom and Harrison Streets in 1904. In the same year the newspaper was started by Pavellas. Three years later, the confusion of affairs resulting from the Great Earthquake of 1906 necessitated the founding of the Greek Consulate in San Francisco. Seraphim Kanoutas of Boston was the first Greek Consul.

There is no doubt that as quickly as Greeks came to San Francisco, they also began branching out into the outlying districts. First Oakland, then the San Joaquin Valley were infiltrated. From Sacramento where there is a long-established community, Greeks went up past Roseville, Redding, Weed, as far as Klamath Falls, Oregon. Of those who are in Portland and other cities in Oregon most touched at San Francisco first. This is also true of Los Angeles, San Diego, and northern Mexico. Greeks of Seattle and other cities in Washington, however, came for the most part directly from the East or else crossed the border from Vancouver, Canada. Of all the Pacific Coast communities, San Francisco, Vancouver, and Seattle are probably the oldest in the order named.¹

Infiltration by the Greeks has continued so thoroughly that, at the present time there is hardly a town of any size in California not containing its Greek quota, or any large town on the Pacific Coast.

1. This information was gained by the writer in a recent trip to Canada through all the important cities in between.--CHP.

GREEK SOCIAL LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Greek social life presents at any time a fascinating complexity and a study into individualistic psychology. The Greek is by nature a party unto himself, yet he will for a short time submit to guidance before attempting to seize the reins himself. Perhaps this is the main factor behind the ramifications of Greek social life in San Francisco.

Greek societies fall easily into several groups which include the church communities, geographical societies, benevolent societies, educational, philanthropical societies, political, social fraternities, Greek branches of American societies, and last but not least, an institution for social intercourse peculiarly popular with the Greeks, the coffee houses.

The first basis of a Greek community anywhere is without doubt the Greek Orthodox Church. Communities are actually societies because they consist only of members who pay dues. A board of trustees and a president is elected at intervals. These have the power of hiring or discharging the priest which fact has led to many dissensions between communities and the Archbishop of North and South America, even to the extent of influencing some communities to renounce the Patriarch of Constantinople and declare themselves under the authority of the Patriarch of Damascus.

The first church of the Orthodox faith established in San Francisco was Holy Trinity in 1904 after the generous donation of one thousand dollars on the part of Alexander Kosta. This church later came under the sway of A. Mountanos, owner of the California Greek newspaper and John Petrolekas known as Jerome, both of royalist persuasion. In 1915 when the conflict between Venizelos and the Greek King became acute, a large number of Venizelists in San Fran-

cisco headed by Alexander Pavellas, Peter Boudoures, and Dr. P.T. Angel founded the St. Sophia Cathedral on Valencia Street. From that time to this San Francisco has had two Greek communities, one for royalists, the other for venizelists, or progressives.

It will suffice merely to name the geographical societies for their titles are self-explanatory. As in ancient times, the Greeks are not so much accustomed to regard themselves nationalistically as "Hellenes", but more provincially as "Arcadians," "Corinthians," "Samians", or etc. Within these small provinces exist numbers of tribal families, each more or less conjugally related with one another. This perhaps explains the extreme ^{interest} ~~will~~ which a provincial shows upon hearing news of a "compatrioti" from his own province.

Bearing in mind this provincialism of the Greeks it was natural, therefore, that after the founding of the Holy Trinity Church in 1904, the first societies should cleave mainly to the old territorial lines. Among the first to be formed were : the Arcadian Benevolent Society, "Theodore Kolokotrones," named after the Arcadian warrior-statesman who helped liberate Greece from the Turks; Pan-Samian Society, "Pythagoras"; Pan-Euboeian Benevolent Society, "Panevoicos"; the Argolido-Corinthian Society, now defunct; the society of the Kyparissotes.

Recent additions are "Evripos" composed also of Euboeians, the Pan-Rhodian society formed to perpetuate Greek culture on the twelve Hellenic isles now held by Italy, the Zacynthian society, and the Daughters of Sparta. At first the geographical societies were rather exclusive in membership, limiting^{ed} only to "compatriotes". Now, declining memberships have forced them to welcome members from any other part of Greece.

The only strictly non-geographical benevolent society at pres-

ent is the Hellenic Mutual Benevolent Association, "Adelfotis", which is also reputed to be the oldest and wealthiest of all the societies. Even this society, however, is composed in great part of Maniates, or those from the extreme southern part of Greece. All the geographical societies are benevolent in function, that is, they accept monthly dues and assessments, and in return grant sick and death benefits of one type or another. Although many attempts have been made to unite them all into one strong benevolent association, these efforts have always been vetoed by petty leaders unwilling to relinquish any jot of influence or authority.

Two women's organizations which have for their purpose education and philanthropy respectively are "Progress", and "Philoptochos". The first supports a school for teaching children the Greek language and has working affiliations with the International Institute. The second, charitable society, occasionally contributes small sums of money or groceries to needy families.

Some Greek societies are formed merely to win recognition for their leaders from various local officials of city or state. For this purpose a pretentious name is always selected and a great "front" put on just before an election in order to impress a leading candidate. The organizer of such a club has a two-fold objective: to impress the candidate that he is the boss of the Greeks in his community and can sway their votes any way he wishes; and, on the other hand, to convince the Greeks that he is the most favored friend, the right-hand-man of the candidate. Many would-be leaders devote their lives to this effort, not asking for political favors for themselves but rather for their friends, that by distributing patronage, they may build up their own following.

These clubs are variously known as "Hellenic-American Business

Club", "Greek-American Voters League", "Greek-American League", or, at other times, it will be just one man who attaches himself to a local politician and claims to be his patronage dispenser. The only accomplishment of these clubs, however, is to convince American officials that the Greeks are a very divided nationality.

Under the above category should be included the Greek Democratic and Republican clubs formed in election years. Among these, there is great strife as to which is officially recognized by the party, and it is not unusual for a city to have rival clubs of the same party. Another political party which is, however international in scope is Spartacus, a workers' educational--or in other words, communistic--society. Although the Greeks are, as a rule, extreme individualists rather than radicals, there are a number whose economic burdens or social thinking have led them to the doctrines of Karl Marx and the Third International.

All through the history of Greek societies in the United States, there is an effort on the part of the more idealistically inclined to unite them all under one great banner, or else create a universal fraternity to give the Greeks prestige and political importance in America. At first, the Pan-Hellenic Union was thought to be the answer to this long-felt need. But it failed through jealousies and rivalries. At length, in 1926 the first chapter of Ahepa (American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association) was founded in Georgia. The organization took root and spread like wildfire all over the United States until there is at present a chapter in virtually every city of importance. The purpose of the order is actually to put on a "front" for the Greeks in the United States, to fight unfavorable publicity, and to win favor among Americans by promoting good citizenship and Americanization among the Greeks.

Its rival organization, Gapa (Greek American Progressive Asso-

ciation), conflicts with the former only in its greater emphasis on maintaining Greek traditions and teaching the Greek language. Both organizations have declined greatly in the last few years; the original proselyting fervor has given way to petty bickerings between factions in the organizations. An example of this is the situation in San Francisco. There are two chapters of Ahepa here, one representing the old guard in local Greek politics who have long held unshakable control of the St. Sophia community. It corresponds closely to American elements of conservatism and reaction. The other is a liberal group which is trying to wrest control from the other.

Under the Ahepa organization should be included the auxiliaries, "Daughters of Penelope" for female relatives of Ahepans, and "Sons of Pericles", a junior group that has made little headway for it has no principles or idealism to offer youth outside of a dry-as-dust reverence for the past.

The final group of Greek societies are simply Greek branches of American societies. These are quite easily listed: Acropolis Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, Alexander the Great Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Hellenic Post of the American Legion. These are perhaps more peacefully and profitably conducted than any other of the Greek societies.

The Greek societies of the city unite on only one day in the year--to plan the national celebration of Greece on the 25th of March. The consul-general calls the delegation to meet in one of the churches, together with representatives of the Greek press. This is the ultimate in Greek cooperation to be found anywhere.

An interesting feature of any city with a Greek population is the Greek section characterized principally by its coffee houses. Coffee houses are not, as newspaper feature writers sometimes infer, dens of vice, but rather an extension of the old European coffee houses which date back to the time of Addison and Steele.

Most of the coffee houses in San Francisco, at least, are geographically limited, that is. there is one for the Smyrnians, another for the Cretans, another for those from Constantinople, and so on. Outside of the Greek section however, there are scattered coffee houses for business men in the locality.

The first of the Greek coffee houses in San Francisco, and hence in the West, was that established by C. Karnavalos in an alley near O'Farrell St. between Powell and Mason Sts. This was in existence as early as 1904.

Later a host of new coffee houses sprang into being, mostly on Third, Fourth, and Folsom Sts. Entertainment at the coffee houses consists for the most part of card playing and political argument over the "small black" or "medium". However there are at times female entertainers, followed at night by folk dancing characteristic of the province which the particular house represents.

All in all. they are a colorful and picturesque addition to the foreign quarter. Yet there is no doubt that they are also an idlers' retreat which must finally disappear from the modern busy world.

11

These things are not to be taken as a sign of
the end of the world, but as a sign of the
beginning of a new era of peace and
prosperity.

It is the duty of every man to
do his part for the good of the world,
and to live in peace and harmony with
his fellow-men.

The world is a great family,
and we are all members of it.

Let us live in peace and harmony.

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his fellow-men.

San Francisco leading Mr. X and his wife own an expensive automobile and are known to subscribe liberally to charity. During their vacation periods Mr. X and his wife have traveled considerably and have made a trip to visit his family in Greece.

Internment note - "I have known the narrator for some time and he has willingly given me this information with the full knowledge of its use. Mr. X wishes me to emphasize that he is thoroughly American and has been a citizen for a long time. That tho he was born and spent his childhood in Greece he has never

associated with the Greek Colony
in San Francisco and rarely ever
talks Greek." He gives no reason
for this statement.

D. K. 102: (Tchoglu) Turkey 2007 2 25
Bunat Tchoglu Kucera on the black sea in Turkey
was of short stature, dark, wearing wheat and
sowing flower and were very well to until the
cotton year which broke up the family and he
and his wife who was a school teacher came to America
he had received a grammar school education
in the old country and was employed by his
parents until he came to U.S. Arriving in
U.S. he came to California to see a
friend of his then went to work as dishwasher
in Santa Rosa after spending first years, while
for his friend as dishwasher waiter & cook he
came to Berkeley and went to work in
a restaurant as cook. Three years later
he opened his own place which was
small first ~~years~~ later he opened a
larger place of his own where he is
to day. I asked him if he didn't have a
hard time learning the English language
he replied yes but that he spoken some
french in the old country and that
helped him considerably. During the course
of conversation I asked how he like the depression
he only said it was bad but that he had
received a letter from a friend of his in the
old country and that conditions were worse
there and he was glad that he was in U.S.

And business was getting better. He had
one child that died in infancy, leaving
his wife unfit for motherhood.

Book

[illegible]

You, having the incubation and development
type soon realized that progress was being
made to be gained more rapidly in other
fields, and in 1908 he entered the general
field, his progress from that day on will be
compared to the shadow on the wall.

Today I saw in the room of a printing establishment a bust of George Washington, of a great newspaper, read throughout the United States, and known and loved by all the people of this country for his efforts in promoting goodwill among them and their obedience for their adopted country. To some of his intimate friends he was called on Governor or Mayor, judge of several states.

On the southern part of the mountain about 5
miles from the chief village of the nation.
Bythron, a beautiful old town of forested
with a population of about 1000 inhabitants
all of them engaged in commerce that was the
source of labor, and dependent on the
export of their goods to the outside world.

The town itself was situated on a
steep slope of a hill covered of
self-cultivated, & cleared land. and a
large number of men in the latter place
when the day was over and the sun
would gather rays after a long day which
their appearance while slowly appearing
at their domestic affairs or picking at their
ancient water pipes.

It was in the summer of 1880 that
I was in the mountainous area and
I was now here and was only 10 miles from
five years before had found but nothing in
the past speaking from summer to summer
at noon while returning home for a while
that proposition he would stop at the
house making plans for the future and
how he would travel to the state of the old
and new tales of a distant land across
the river, and of the numerous specimens
that existed there, of some of the domestic
life that governed him that he would
also reach his future in the village house
and had concluded that upon receiving the
money for his transportation he would
make the trip to America.

It was a few days after that I had arrived
for the first time that they should allow him to leave
for America, promising them that he would
work and give and show the source of his
years he would return, or possibly a small
amount.



He is a carpenter, and upon arrival, in New York, he readily found employment at his trade. Later they moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where they stayed several years. During the World War, he enlisted in the United States Navy, and was sent to San Francisco. The family followed to the west coast, where they have resided since.

They are Greek Orthodox Catholic by religion, but they do not attend church regularly.

During the past two years he has not been employed regularly and has been on relief.

The general family conditions are very good, and the furniture is moderate but of good taste.

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many months, and it will be yours until you secure work. Also the seat at the table where you set heretofore is yours. You must not leave my house."

Carolina supported her mother's stand, and Mr. Leibniz yielded to their wishes. The undisclosed fact was, altho Leibniz suspected it, that the widow had fallen in love with her daughter's protégé.

Spring came and Mr. Leibniz found plenty of work. Being a good worker and earning good money, he was purchasing presents on both, the mother and the daughter, besides taking them on short trips to various summer resorts. At one of these resorts, while Mrs. Alkali and Mr. Leibniz were looking at the various bathers from the shore where they were sitting, the latter asked the former to marry him, and she consented on the spot.

When Carolina heard the news she was overjoyed. The next day, however, Carolina said to her mother; "I am most happy that you and Mr. Leibniz are going to be married; but, I should not care to remain in this city after that event takes place. I and Brother Max will go to the United States of America. There I shall try to become a teacher of languages, and Max will follow his own trade, or with my help he will engage in some business.

It should be said, en passant, that Carolina was a most diligent student, both in school and away from it. She read in both the German and the French languages, these two languages every lyceum student, whether male, or female, was compelled to

to satisfy them thoroughly. Upon graduation every student could read and write them as well as the Roumanian language. That was of course fifty or more years ago. (The writer is informed that the English language is also being studied today.)

Max, Carolina's brother on the otherhand, was not quite so brilliant a student as his sister; nevertheless, he became a first class workman in copper and brass-work, such as chandeliers, lamps, candlesticks etc.

When the widow alkali heard her daughter's decision she was non-plussed, but said nothing. Her turn came the third day, in the meantime as too, the latter up with her prospective husband and that gentleman would not hear of it. He did, however, make the remark to the effect that, if Carolina and her brother emigrate to the United States, he and his fiancée would have to go along.

The third day a consultation was in progress when it was decided first, that they should marshal their assets and find out whether they could raise the necessary funds for the trip; secondly that Mr. Seibu should marry Mrs. alkali on a day certain; and lastly, that if they did not have sufficient money for the trip none should leave until all could go.

It so happened that the widow alkali, in addition to the money left to her by her deceased husband, she had accumulated quite a sum from work as a dressmaker to the rich women of Sotasaki. In fact, she had about ten thousand francs, and Mr. Seibu had

about two thousand francs due him from a job he was about to finish. That sum, and some additional small sums from the sale of various articles, was more than sufficient to pay for the journey of the four to the United States.

Accordingly, in about three weeks Mr. Leibu married the widow Alkali, and one month thereafter the four members left Botosani, Roumania.

New York City was their goal. When they arrived in New York, they sought and found quarters together. After resting for a while Max found a place where it did not take him long to prove his ability as a first class copper and brass worker. Carolina registered at one of the night schools for the purpose of perfecting herself in the English language. Mr. Leibu, on the other hand, could find no fresco work, as such work was not much in vogue in the United States; therefore, he became an ordinary painter, earning five or six dollars a day whenever he could secure a job. Mrs. Leibu took care of the home, as well as catered to the needs of the members of the family.

After residing in New York City about a year, Mrs. Leibu began to notice that her husband often came home somewhat tipsy, and within the confines of their own room she took quite a good deal of abuse from him. But one evening Mr. Leibu not only came home somewhat paralyzed from excessive drink, but he used one of his fists rather heavily upon Mr. Leibu's face, and the blood was

pouring from her face. She screamed, and that brought her son and daughter to her rescue. That very evening Mr. Leibu was arrested for battery, and the fourth day when his case came up in the police court, he was placed on probation for one year; also, he was admonished never again to venture into the home of his wife and children.

But after that unfortunate affair, Carolina persuaded her mother and her brother to leave New York City for California, and in about three weeks they departed without leaving a single trace behind them. Their destination was Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles Carolina passed an examination and succeeded in securing a teacher's certificate. Shortly thereafter she received an appointment to teach German and French in one of the high schools.

After teaching in the public schools of Los Angeles about ten years, she met a man whom she married shortly after, and resigned her position. The man was fairly well to do, and also had a very profitable business in San Francisco. Shortly after their marriage they moved to San Francisco, taking with them Carolina's mother.

About three years after marriage Carolina had a child, in nineteen twenty nine, however, matters took a turn for the worst. Carolina's husband lost all of his money, and real estate holdings.

Carolina could see only a dark future before her, as her husband seemed unable to rehabilitate himself. But Carolina

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country in 1945. It describes the state of the economy, the social conditions, and the political situation. The second part of the report deals with the specific measures taken by the government to improve the situation. These measures include the establishment of a new government, the implementation of a new constitution, and the introduction of a new legal system. The third part of the report deals with the results of these measures. It shows that the country has made significant progress in the field of economic development, social improvement, and political stability. The fourth part of the report deals with the future prospects of the country. It suggests that the country has a bright future ahead of it, provided that the government continues to implement the measures taken in the past.

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always has a will and a way; therefore, she didnot lose much time and reengaged in her own profession as a teacher.

Today, she is practically the main support of her family; and this includes her husband whom she worships. Some women seem to be born brave, and hence are capable of defying the very fates.

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Letitia D. Winn
1-6-37
Edit--Kotterman
1-12-37

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - GREEK
(Interview with George Grego)

"My parents and my grandparents were Greek people. I am proud of my ancestry, because, after all, does not Greek history teach that the Greek of ancient times were super men and women physically and mentally. It isn't that the Greek philosopher's brains were better than ours of today; the simple fact is that the Greek philosophers realized that they had brains and cultivated and polished them. Diamonds and other precious stones do not scintillate and glow with beauty until lifted from their crude state and polished. So it is with us humans; unless we use and polish our God-given gifts, they lie dormant. Man has only to realize his natural God-given powers, and then to make some effort to utilize them, to eradicate every evil under the sun. This process is slowly going on, but it is like climbing up a hill and then slipping back through the error of not carefully selecting our footsteps; but eventually progress will be made toward the ultimate goal, and if not fully attained in this world, then it will be in the next.

"A philosopher myself, you say. Well, hardly, I wish I were! I am only a hot-dog business man, trying to brighten the corner where I am. You say you think I make a pretty good job of it, and you want to know how I keep my place so white and clean? What make the ferns and palms so thrifty, and why the birds sing so sweetly? Well, I can tell you in

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one word. Love, that does it all. I love my little place of business here on the corner, facing the beautiful blue Pacific, with the gorgeous view I have of the purple, blue and gold sunsets, reflected as they are in the glistening waters. I love all the little children who play in the recreation playground across the sidewalk from my place. Therefore, you see I take a pride in keeping my little place so sweet and clean, that their parents come in and sit at my counter while the children are enjoying themselves. Because the majority of these parents are good family people, I take a pride in the hot-dog sandwiches which I serve to them, so I use only the very best and freshest of materials; for this reason they come back again and again, and often bring in the children, and I try to make them feel at home and count them all as my friends. So you see I love the children and I love their parents, and the returns are manifold.

"My ferns and other plants grow and thrive because I love them enough to give them good care - plenty of water, sunshine and frequent showers. My birds sweetly sing their lovely songs for the same reason. It is all so simple, so easy, for after all we get back just what we give out in this world.

'You suppose I am a family man,' you say. No, you are wrong. I have never married; I am fifty-eight, so I don't

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suppose I ever will. 'Why', you say. (No, you need not apologize for being personal.) I scarcely know myself; No, I have never been disappointed in love, or even had, what you might call, a great love affair. I think the reason is this. I idolized my mother; I could never become deeply interested in any woman, who did not measure up to her standards or ideals. I have the deepest respect for womanhood; I idolize children; having, of course, none of my own, I bestow my affection and a protecting care upon all with whom I come in contact.

"You just now heard what I said to that customer, who asked me if I served beer. And you heard him tell me that he thought I must lose a lot of money for not doing so; You heard me tell him, 'yes, I lose enough every day to put me out of business here.' I think my answer was over his head, but maybe you understood what I meant; it was this - I have built up a business here over a period of years catering to family people, and those who do not drink liquor; parents can come in here and bring their children, and get one of my specialty sandwiches and coffee or milk, and know they will find a homelike atmosphere, courteous treatment, and run no risk of being insulted by some drunken or half drunken man, whom I could not refuse to serve, if I sold beer. How long would my clean, family patronage last if I sold beer? A month, or less perhaps. No, I prefer to keep my

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family people and worth while friends. As I am only across the walk from the children's palyground, I have a very good alibi to give to those who ask me if I don't serve beer. You see I love my customers and want to keep them.

"I very much appreciate what you tell me about one of your friends who traveled all over Europe, and told you she never found a sandwich equal to mine; it pleases me that you say she asked if I was still here when she came to visit you this summer. You see it is that sort of thing, that more than compensates me for all my carefulness in selecting my materials, keeping my place immaculately clean, and giving courteous service. I wish you would tell your friend how much I appreciate her remembering me and my place of business.

"When did I come to America and why, you ask. Well, I was eighteen years of age when I came here; just why, it is difficult for me to understand.

"My parents owned a large farm in Greece - that is large for Greece, not for California. They were substantial, people in comfortable circumstances; they always worked hard, but work and its compensations were their delight and pleasure. I had three brothers and three sisters. We assisted our people in their work, and received our share of the benefits.

"We had very good schools in Greece, and we all attended;

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but I am afraid I wasn't as good a student as I might have been, or as I wish I had been. You see our teacher was my God-father, and I was very fond of him, and I am afraid he was somewhat partial to me, and favored me more than the other children. And I can look back now and realize that I would have probably made more progress in school, had I not had a teacher who was so kind and considerate. Be that as it may, what he neglected to teach me from the books, he more than made up to me by his kind and valuable philosophies, and perhaps the latter meant more to me in the long run, and perhaps what he taught me was more valuable to me through life than book-learning would have been. At any rate what I learned at my mother's knee, and what I learned from this kindly over-indulgent old philosopher, established my standards of life, and have been invaluable to me. They both taught me that living and serving, meant giving and loving, and that giving could never impoverish us, or with-holding enrich us, and I have tried to emulate their teaching in my life.

"I have always been very glad that my early years were spent on a farm - that I had the advantage of the clean, wholesome atmosphere, the environment, and the freedom that life in the open brought to me individually, and to our family as a whole. It gave us a more wholesome and larger outlook on life, and better fitted us for its vicissitudes - the

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trials and struggles from which no mortal escapes in this world. Farm life gave us a freedom and independence, which people who are born and reared in cities can never know. Because of this sense of independence gained in my early years, I have never worked on a salary for anyone. However, no man is absolutely independent, or a law unto himself; and to the extent that we realize this fact, and are able to adjust ourselves to the circumstances in which we find ourselves in this world, are we successful. Success can not be measured by dollars and cents wholly either; true success is infinitely more than an accumulation of money, but some men never find it out, sad to say, and therefore never know the true joy of living. When we leave this world we cannot take with us worldly possessions - we can only take with us when we pass from this sphere of action, that which we have given away. Many great financiers have learned this truth, and their success has come to them because of this fact.

"These truths, and many others my mother, and my teacher and god-father taught me in my childhood, and I have never forgotten them.

"The place in which I was born, was not in Greece proper, but on a small island off the coast of Greece, similar in a way to Santa Catalina, only larger, and less mountainous; our farm was situated on a sloping hillside with a southern exposure; here my father produced almost everything

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that grows in Southern California, except avocados; because of the mild climate olive trees flourished, as well as grape vines, so that olives and grapes were in abundance, and for these my father always found a ready market.

"On this island was a small town, similar to Avalon on Santa Catalina Island. This was a resort place and I can best describe it by saying it was constantly a World's Fair in miniature, with all the carnival features and musical shows. Here also one found sidewalk cafes, where fig and olive trees lined the streets. On the tables under the trees, were "honey pots", into which dripped the syrup from the luscious figs overhead. Greeks are great epicureans and many varieties of choice foods are to be found in all households and also the restaurants.

"The people of Greece, however, do not over-indulge in rich foods to the extent that so many people of other nations do. The Greek people, while being very fond of good food, nevertheless are ever cognizant of the fact that the body is made up of what is taken into it in the way of food and drink. To this knowledge they owe their magnificent physiques, and healthy bodies.

"When I was about nineteen years of age, my father died, and this of course, made a change in conditions generally in the lives of the remaining members of our family. I had never been away from home, and was always content and happy

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Greek

there in my younger years; but after my father's death I became somewhat restless, and felt that I would like to go some place, and see something of the world. Just where I wanted to go, I did not know, but one morning I awakened and decided that America was the place to which I wanted to go. I knew nothing of the country, had never even met any one from there. I had a vague impression that it must be a wild and wooly place; I think I arrived at this conclusion because of the fact that it was a new world, as compared to the European countries.

"I did not care to start out alone, so I asked a cousin if he did not want to go along, and he said he would like to go, and also his brother, so after I had received a part of my inheritance, we sailed for America, and reached New York in the springtime. Was I disappointed? I should say not; I thought it was the most wonderful place; I had never dreamed that anything like New York City could exist. We spent weeks, and weeks, seeing the sights, and gazing in wonderment at the magnificent buildings. When we could speak the English language well enough to make ourselves understood, we decided we would go to St. Louis, where we had some friends. I remained in St. Louis two years, then someone told me that the climate of Southern California was something like that of Greece, and I decided I would come here.

Letitia D. Winn
1-6-37
Edit--Kotterman
1-12-37

Racial Minorities Survey -
Greek

"When I arrived in Southern California, I almost felt that I had gotten home again; the soft balmy climate, the beautiful ocean, and abundance of fine fruits and vegetables pleased me very much. After looking around a bit, I decided I would locate here in Venice by the Sea. This being a resort place reminded me of the little town on our island home in Greece; here the roller coaster dips up and down all afternoon and evening; here the concessionaires cry their wares and ballyhoo their attractions, and here removed a quarter of a block from the loud blare and trumpet of it all, is located the City Playground, where parents bring their little children to enjoy the sand and playground equipment. Here I am near the maddening crowd of summer months, and yet, in a way, not a part of it, because we occupy a more secluded spot. Here I have made hundreds of friends, who return day after day for my hamburger sandwiches, and hot steaming coffee or vitamine D milk. To them I am 'George' to me they are 'my friends.'

"I am happy and content here, I live to serve and find my greatest happiness in so doing; what the future holds for me I do not know, and I never worry.

"Before you came in here, I noticed you were interviewing my friend and fellow countryman, Mr. Casper. Poor Joe, he was so unfortunate as to have been born with the silver spoon - so to speak. He has been a victim of the advantages or

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Racial Minorities Survey -
Greek

disadvantage of having had wealthy parents; he never had anything to do, but to follow his own inclinations. Did I not know his background, and early environment among the wealthy class I might find myself saying he is selfish.

"Sometimes I find myself inclined to censor or condemn him, and then I stop and realize that his shortcomings are not his fault. He has traveled the world around, but he can never tell you any of the finer things of the many countries he has visited; he has always been seeking, what he calls pleasure, never realizing that we can find the greatest joy in the little things of this world; that we can live and be happy on so little of this world's goods. Now that reverses have overtaken him, he is at a loss as to how to adjust himself. Well, we cannot live another person's life; our time is pretty well occupied if we keep our own life regulated. So I just try to be kind, and considerate to him; he turns to me in all of his troubles, and when he 'asks for bread, I do not give him a stone.' After all the greatest thing in the world, Henry Drummond says, is 'love', but next to that is an 'understanding heart', but perhaps it is all one and the same thing. Anyway if we live up to our highest conceptions of the words, we are doing our part.

That is what our great president, whose picture is the only thing on my walls, is doing in his way.

One hundred years from now his name will go down in history as one of the greatest emancipators of all times.

Letitia D. Winn
1-6-37
Edit--Kotterman
1-12-37

Racial Minorities Survey -
Greek

Like all great men, while he lives, he will never be fully appreciated; but like all great men he is not looking for, or expecting appreciation; he is happy and content in the knowledge that he is serving his country, and acting up to his highest ideals and standards in so doing.

Wimm-1/4/37
Edit-Love-
1/6/37

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - GREEK
(J. Casper - Greek-Scotch)

"Smyrna, Turkey, was my birthplace. My father was a Greek; my mother was of Scotch parentage. I had five brothers and two sisters.

"My father was president of a railway company in Greece and Turkey. He commanded a very large salary, owned many stocks, and was considered a very wealthy man. We lived in comparative luxury.

"One of the best architects in Europe designed our house, which was virtually a palace of 20 rooms. The wide halls were of marble; on the walls were murals and the ceilings were frescoed. The finest of Persian rugs covered the floors, and rare paintings, exquisite statuary and other works of art decorated the large rooms. The Italian gardens were the most beautiful in the city; the perfume of rare blossoms permeated the air. The garden statuary was of Italian marble. The choicest tropical fruits were always to be found on our table. Figs, grapes, dates and raisins in that locality have a flavor not to be found in the fruits of Southern California.

"My parents kept a retinue of servants, and we children had every advantage of wealth and education. I graduated from the University of Athens, and then my parents were willing that I should have the advantage of travel, believing that would complete my education.

Winn-1/4/37
Edit-Love
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Racial Minorities Survey
Greek

"For seven or eight years I toured Europe, and visited every watering place, port, and city on the continent.

"I spent more time and money than was profitable at Monte Carlo, and tiring of the fashionable places, I went to Siberia; but the horrors of this place and the intense cold soon drove me back to the Southland. Then I went to Cairo, Egypt, where I spent four years.

"In Europe all University students must study languages, so I speak Greek, French, Spanish, Turkish and English. The ability to speak so many languages, I, of course, found very advantageous as I visited the various countries of Europe.

"No, I never returned home to visit but once or twice in my travels. When we were children a governess cared for us, and so, for that reason, we, perhaps, did not feel so close to our mother, and also, perhaps we were not so near and dear to her as children are where they are cared for by their mothers instead of servants. My parents supplied me with necessary funds for living expenses and also for traveling, but we did not have a close bond of affection, such as I have often witnessed in families less fortunate in the way of this world's goods. So you see poverty has its compensations, and wealth its disadvantages. One can't have everything in this world, you see, and wealth and close family ties constitute a combination that I have seldom noticed.

"In Europe boys and girls do not attend school together, so there are no school day romances there for that reason.

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Edit-Love
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Racial Minorities Survey
Greek

Therefore, I never had a school day sweetheart and I roamed about the world too much to form any close friendships or ties of a romantic nature, so I am a bachelor today. As I am close to 60 years of age, I will most likely so remain.

"When a man roams about the world a number of years, the wanderlust becomes a habit with him, and it is difficult to be content in one place. So, when I grew weary of Egypt, I went to China, and spent some time there, but that is one country which I dislike very much.

"Then I took a notion I would like to see something of the uncivilized world, and I went into the jungles of Africa. But I went on a sight seeing trip, not as an explorer; I have had too much luxury in my life to enjoy and endure hardships. The terrible heat and the wild animal life in Africa has little appeal for me, so I went again to Asia Minor and again visited Turkey. I like Turkey best of all the world for many reasons. The first perhaps being because I have found it the most hospitable country in the world. The Turks always keep luxurious quarters for 'The Stranger at their Gates.' Guests are given always a warm welcome, and to offer compensation to them for their hospitality is to grossly insult them. The best they have to offer is never too good for their guests. The best of food and the best of entertainment is freely given.

"Speaking of food, I consider the Turks have the best food in the world, and serve it the most artistically amid the most luxurious surroundings, which contributes not a little

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Racial Minorities Survey
Greek

to its delectability. Food is served by the Turks in the most exquisite receptacles -- rare pottery, beautifully decorated, contains their spicy and aromatic foods, which are concocted from the most delicate of substances, the foundation being mostly chicken, or squab and rice. This is covered over with green leaves and otherwise artistically garnished.

"The host and his guests half recline upon Persian rugs, and eat the food, generally speaking, with their fingers. Rare wines and entertainment by members of the Turks harem add to the pleasure of the delicious meal. While in Turkey I learned to make a number of their choicest dishes. In fact, being something of an Epicurean, and having visited in many countries, I have learned to cook food, as it is prepared in almost every foreign country. Another quality I much admire is the respect the Turks show toward the aged of their own country.

"I also greatly admire Greece as a country, and especially the people of Greece. Although Greece is one of the smallest countries of Europe, yet it has almost everything in the way of art, literature, educational facilities, as well as great mineral deposits and agricultural production. From Greece comes the rarest fruits and wines of the world, and it is the only place on the globe where they have three-hundred and sixty-five holidays. But of course I am speaking of my own personal experience in regard to the holidays.

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Racial Minorities Survey
Greek

"For beauty of scenery I found Switzerland unsurpassed, and I spent many very happy months there. The warmer climes have more appeal for me, and I would not care to live in Switzerland.

"Japan I found an intensely interesting country, and the Japanese a much more likable people than the Chinese, to my way of thinking.

"However, wherever I roamed in Europe the City of Athens was my first love. I liked Athens even better than Paris; but of course, that is natural, inasmuch as Athens was the city where I spent my school and college days.

"As I roamed about the world, sometimes I wished I had not been so 'unfortunate' as not to have been compelled to earn my own living, or to follow some line of trade or profession. I have never known loneliness in the commonly accepted term of the word, perhaps because, as I stated, I never knew or experienced close family ties of any kind.

"It was inevitable that I would eventually drift to the United States in my wandering. This desire came upon me when I last visited the Orient. I sailed for San Francisco early in the spring of 1906. I thought San Francisco one of the most interesting cities I had ever visited, and wondered why I hadn't come before. I decided I would remain there for sometime, but, as you know, early one April morning the earth trembled - not only trembled, but shook most violently, and every one was terror-stricken and horrified at the terrible destruction of life and property. It didn't seem quite so

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Racial Minorities Survey
Greek

desirable a place in which to live about that time, and as soon as I could do so I left for Southern California. That was 30 years ago, and strange to say I have never had any desire to leave this part of the country.

"The Santa Monica Bay District is one of the most beautiful coast areas I have ever seen. The Pacific Palisades, with the purple mountains in the background have a scenic beauty equal to anything in Europe. The climate is all that could be desired, and here that strange wanderlust which kept me on the move for years and years left me, and I was for the first time in my life content to remain. The longer I lived in the Santa Monica Bay district the more I have loved it.

"I think the only love I have ever known anything about in my life was that fondness I had for my mother; I could have loved her very dearly had I ever had an opportunity to know her better. So my first love was my Mother and my second love was Southern California, which I call my step-mother.

"As all our conclusions in life are formed by comparison, or relativity, I feel that inasmuch as I have spent considerable time in almost every country on the globe, that I am in a position to know a desirable country in which to live, when I find it.

"After a few years I became a naturalized citizen. My parents passed away, and because of this fact I had no reason to return to my native land. Although I greatly regretted that I had not visited my parents before I lost them, and

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Racial Minorities Survey
Greek

although I had not seen them for years, I never missed them or had any desire to go home until they were no more.

Strange, we never miss the worth while things of this life until they have been eliminated from this sphere. I had always felt that my home and my parents were where I had left them, and that I could always go home, not realizing that the time would come when I had no home to which I could return.

"With the passing of my parents, I learned to my chagrin that I had spent most of my inheritance while I roamed about the world and that I had very little rightfully coming to me. This was also something of a shock to me, as I had never known want in any sense of the word, or even what it meant to deprive myself of what most people term luxuries. I suppose there was no one to blame for this but myself, but somehow I felt that something had been lacking in my education or home training that had not taught me to realize that the day of adversity might fall upon me. Had it come during my youth or even somewhat later I could have better adjusted myself to such an unhappy condition.

"I was compelled to face the fact that I had neither a trade or profession. The only thing that had appealed to me greatly during my school and college days was art. Had I had special training I might have become an artist; so I turned to interior decorating -- murals and frescoing. I earned enough from this work to be self supporting in a manner, but

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Greek

the compensation did not enable me to live in the mode to which I had always been accustomed.

"You, I know, are cognizant of the fact that there came a period in my life which I would rather not discuss, because, after all, I still am proud. I fell into evil, or at that time unlawful ways through my love of the recreation of fishing. As you know I spent a great deal of time years ago, at the old historic long wharf north of Santa Monica. Time was when boats from all over the world docked here, and when that time passed away, the old wharf and pier formed a rendezvous for fishermen, and said to say, provided an ideal place for the landing of illegal cargo of various kinds. Here while fishing for lobster, of which I am very fond, and for which I found a most profitable market, I came in contact with men of the underworld, who were trafficking at this point. I daily saw an opportunity to make easy money, and while in my travels about the world I had before met many forms of temptation, yet never before in my life had I felt the need of money. After all, temptation isn't temptation unless you are in the frame of mind to be tempted. Neither is there any great virtue in being law abiding when you have never had the inclination to be otherwise.

"Every day and all night long every night, boats loaded with 'hot cargo' came to anchor off the old long wharf. Men who dealt in these 'goods' made money, and after a time I began to wonder why I might not just as well make some of this easy money. But to be a good crook or confidence man

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Greek

you have to have had some such training, or at least inclination to this in your youth. Such inclination is generally fostered by lack of this world's goods. Opportunity, bad environment and association of evil companions promotes whatever bad tendencies lay latent in one's make-up.

"I had never known lack and could always have almost anything I wanted, so temptations to make easy money never had any great appeal to me. Then too, I had had the advantages of a good education, which had given me rather high ideals; I had been reared in my early childhood in a beautiful home, and my parents were very fine people; so crime of any nature had never occupied my attention to any great degree. I sometimes have thought that if my ideals had not been so high, that I might have married and settled down, somewhere, some place. But when I thought of marriage and a home, I always visualized my beautiful mother, and the place she occupied in our wonderful home where she reigned like a queen. I never met a woman whom I thought was a beautiful or as sweet as my mother, and I would have wanted to provide her the same sort of home my mother had, should I have met such a person, so you can see why I did not marry. You have known me, or of me, at least for 30 years, as well as the history of this community, good and bad, so you know what element inhabited the district in and around the old long wharf.

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"Sad to say after many years, and with the background of family and education that I had, that I should have become the victim of evil associates. Believe it or not, it isn't the hardened crook and professional criminal who gets caught in the toils of the law. Those new to crime are most generally the victim, and the hardened gangsters are left free, as a rule, to pursue their evil ways, and find new victims for the crimes for which they themselves should suffer.

"But I paid my debt to society, and for a long time have been a free man. I must say that my old friends in this vicinity have been most considerate and kind. They seem to understand; for this I am most grateful, and that is one reason, perhaps that I love this locality as I do.

"I have a very good position now with one of the moving picture studios; these people are very kind to me, and seem to appreciate my work as a decorator.

"Every day I sit here in the sun near the playground by the ocean as you found me today, recuperating from my recent severe illness. Many days I just sit here and think and dream. No, I do not feel sad or lonely, because, as I explained to you, I have never in my life formed any very close associations, or had any dear ones of my own. We do not miss greatly that which we have never known or had for our own.

"What are my plans for the future? Well, when I am able to do so, I am going back to work. When I more fully recover and my appetite returns, I am going to make a number of the dishes I learned to prepare in the foreign countries I have

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visited. I have always loved to prepare meals different from the regular thing we find in the every day restaurant or in the average home. From what country would you like best to have a dish? Do you remember the little lobsters I used to send your family 20 years ago? No, we are not allowed to trap them any more as we did in those days, and the Japanese boys who helped me to catch them at that time have all gone home to Japan and each took a small sized fortune with him. My mother had a cook for eighteen years, and when a small boy that cook taught me how to make and garnish delectable dishes.

"Were I 20 years younger I would visit the North Pole and also Little America. But I am afraid I could not endure the hardships now.

"And so for the time being, I shall sit and dream. You see there isn't any use 'kidding myself'; I have to acknowledge I am growing old; you know 'old men dream dreams, and young men see visions'; but after all life with its joys and sorrows -- hopes and disappointments, is only a little span, and the future or life after death -- Well, who knows."

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11

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...from what country...
...best to have...
...used to some...
...to keep them any more...
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...

Mr. B. - GREEK AGE 55

(1)

Observation

Mr. B. is a large man at 55. 5' 8" feet and 3 inches tall weight about 260 lbs. resembles a typical Greek rather than a native born Greek. His complexion is ruddy and he has speckling blue eyes in spite of the recent illness he claims. B. has lived in the United States some 25 years, but has never learned to speak English. He is heavily modest-startled.

Born in LEXAVITOS, near the mountainous area of Greece and near Athens. B. says he never left the town in which he was born until his migration to the United States in the year 1905.

His father, brother, uncles and mostly every male member of his family worked in the quarries. His Dad was a stonecutter.

and B began to learn the trade at father's
young age. (8)

B says that his family lived comfortably
in spite of the fact that there were
ten persons to feed on his father's salary
of fifteen dollars per week, the the
amount was considered top wages at the
time in Greece.

B learned the trade well, and at
nineteen years of age he says he was
as skilful a marble cutter and
setter as his Dad.

Bought thriftness from an early age.
B saved much of his salary and in
1900, when he decided to migrate to the
states he had saved enough. Cost to help
him for a considerable period.

B^r arrived at Ellis Island accompanied
by an uncle in February of 1900. B^r
and proceeded immediately to San Francisco
as soon as he was cleared from the
station.

After a short period of living in
hotels he and his uncle secured living
quarters in a flat on Green Street in
the Latin area of San Francisco and
lived by frugal living to make the
balance of their money last until
they secured employment.

B^r finally secured a job at his
trade in a monument establishment near
the Cemeteries in Colma, San Mateo Co.
For several years B^r says he worked

Steadily and lived an uneventful life,
but a comfortable one in the family,
but as which he now found alone.

In the evening years there was a
great demand for skilled masons
workmen and stone cutters in B.
having learned other places of the
iron, such as setting masonry in building
cutting etc. He was seldom without
employment. He worked steadily and
in 1920 had saved a considerable sum
of money.

B. finally tells of never having been
married but subsequently having been with
a woman (without benefit of clergy) which
was to cause him much trouble.

B. says that during his years with

the woman at a time when they were
drinking, she became enraged and se-
izing a pistol which they kept in the
house, shot him in the leg. He
was never able to work at his trade
again.

During the prohibition era he would
wine and sold it to people who came
to his house for the purpose. In this
way he managed to earn his living
without going into his bank account.

In 1930 "B" was run down by an
automobile which resulted in serious
injuries and a fractured leg.
An insurance company (also called
will give the sum of \$1000.00 for
B" and quite satisfied.

"B" never became an American slave
and says he wishes that he never left his
place.

He has never quite recovered his health
and has a deformed finger.

"B" is quite proud of the fact that
he has never been on any form of
slavery and even during the depression
has maintained a bank balance.

With the repeal of Prohibition, it
was expected for him to continue
selling wine and he now has a
small liquor stand and manages to
earn a living without using his surplus
money. When he feels equal to it "B"
says he is going home to give to play.

M. X - Greek - Age 40

(1)

Joseph M. Vellos

M. X - Evros Volo, Greece.

Son of a Farmer

12 children in family of which X was second oldest.

X claims father worked very hard to support large family and X also worked from a very early age to help out.

Entire family had little time for education with result X had very little schooling.

When X was 12 years of age his father was seriously injured and could not work any more.

The brunt of securing the family living fell upon the shoulders of M. X and two of his brothers.



At Eighteen years of age X tired of farm work and decided to migrate to the United States where he had several cousins that were making good money.

In March of 1913. X secured the cheapest passage he could obtain and sailed to the United States.

After some difficulty at Ellis Island X proceeded immediately to San Francisco where his cousins lived.

X says that 1-month after he arrived in the United States that both his mother and father passed away and his brothers and sister tried to make him return to Greece which he refused to do - X claims that this refusal caused

him to sever relations with his family and
he says to this day he has neither seen
nor corresponded with them.

X had no trade and had quite a
hard time earning a bare living and
had to work long hours in the
produce business in the wholesale house.

X worked at this for two years,
and when business picked up was able
to save a few dollars.

In 1915 he declared his intention
to become an American citizen - went
to night school consistently and improved
his English rapidly.

X married a girl of Greek extraction
and moved into the western Addition
district in San Francisco.

they now have four children of school
age. very much American but all
speak Greek excellently. His wife
although born of Greek parents in the
United States also speaks Greek and
has taught the children not to forget
their native tongue.

X bought a partnership in a grocery
store and for a while was quite
successful but later business became
very bad and X was forced to give
up.

He tried his hand at the wholesale
selling business. He worked for a
large produce commission house and
for 2 years really worked and saved
money.

X says his wife was an excellent
seamstress and when the children
became old enough to care for themselves
she took in sewing and contributed
quite a bit to the family income.

They made a down payment on the
home in which they lived, improved
it and also bought an automobile.

They were getting along quite com-
fortably when the Commission house
where X was employed went out of
business and X found it was not so
easy to secure one as good.

X says he refused to remain idle
so long and worked at various com-
missioner jobs but did not earn much

money -

Finally friends of X secured for him
a position with the North West
Railway Company as a motorman
and X was contented in the fact
that while the salary was not as
large as he had earned on other jobs
it was a steady position.

X is still working at the
same job. He looks hearty and
well and is very proud of his family.
They own the home now and his
children are receiving fine education.
X says he would like to make a
visit to the old country but since
his relatives would not welcome him
he has decided not to go.



Mr. X - Frank - age - 20 ①
Mr. X was born in Athens, Greece, in
the year of 1896.

His father was an expert accountant
and employed by the government for
many years. His Dad had an excellent
education; a college graduate and had
had private schooling in accounting.

His mother while she did not have
as an extensive education as her husband
had attended the public schools of Athens
and had been satisfied with a high
school diploma.

Mr. X says his early life was a
comfortable one. His folks were not of
the wealthy class, lived substantially
and owned their own home. X was the
only child.

X claims his mother was his constant

company. He saw many letters of his father who did quite a bit of traveling auditing books for the government.

Just about the time X was 12 years old and about to graduate from the grammar school his father passed away suddenly. X says his mother traveled to a point that impaired her health and upon the constant persecution of relatives in America X and his mother decided to leave Greece and migrate to the United States.

X's mother had quite a sum of money at her disposal after the death of his father so they had no worries of this nature for the present.

They obtained passage and traveled first class to New York and after being cleared by the immigration authorities

at Ellis Island they proceeded immediately
to San Francisco where a home awaited
them with X's aunt.

In August of 1908 after their arrival
in San Francisco and upon being settled
in their new home X again took
up his interrupted education.

They lived on Union St in the north
beach section of San Francisco and X
attended the Hancock grammar school a
short distance from his home.

His lack of the knowledge of the
English language retarded him to the
extent of two years and it was
not until 1910 that Mr X graduated
from this school.

X says that when he started the
High School of Commerce to take up

a business course his English had improved to such an extent that few people suspected that he had only been in the United States a short period of two years.

X graduated from High school in 1912 and subsequently attended Stanford where he completed a course in business administration.

During X's educational period his mother had wisely invested some money in a "notion" store in the neighborhood and had been quite successful. The store had not only earned them a comfortable living but had enabled them to save money.

When X finished his University course, he began looking for a

position, but for one year, with
the exception of a few minor temporary
positions, X did nothing except help
his mother in their store.

X says he had become quite
despondent because of his inability
to secure employment and even con-
templating trying his luck elsewhere
when he received a call from a large
bank in San Francisco, with whom
he had put in an application several
months previous.

Because of X's excellent knowledge
of Greek and English, coupled with
his ability he secured employment at
a small salary in the Exchange Dept
of the bank whose depositors were

perhaps, at this time, winter present
later.

X has never changed his job to
this day. He is still employed at
the bank and had advanced himself
to a responsible position.

X was drafted into the army in
June 1918 and fortunately the war
ended November of the same year
and X only served a few months
in this country before
he was discharged.

X says that his mother never
cared much for the United States
and never learned to speak English very
well. His mother married a native
Greek and later honeymooned to Greece.

and did not return to the United States.

X himself married an Irish-American girl in 1923 and says they have never had any children.

X's wife is a beauty operator and also works. Between them have saved and invested considerable money. X's position in the bank enables him and his wife to live in a Community Apartment House ^{owned} in San Francisco's better residential districts where they own the entire apartment which occupies one floor.

X is a member of two well known fraternities and belongs to

A. L. was born March 10th, 1879 at Thorikos, a seaport in modern Greece, located on the Gulf of Aegina on the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles south of Athens, the capital of Greece.

His father was a sea-going man on Greek merchant vessels, exporting fruit and other merchandize, and playing principally between Aegina and Trieste, then an important Austrian seaport.

He came from a family of seven children, three boys and four girls, all but one still residing in Greece, mostly engaged in the hotel business.

A. L. attended public schools for seven years, studied also at home with a private teacher, being an intelligent boy who was interested in many subjects. He became a very good student, learning the French and English languages as well as his native Greek.

He started going to sea at a very early age, having a strong desire to see the world. He worked on merchant vessels as kitchen helper for more than ten years and learned how to cook.

He landed in Boston harbor early in 1904 at the age of twenty-five. He worked as cook or waiter in various small restaurants owned by his countrymen in Boston. He went to New York City where he became established in the retail fruit business, also he sold eatables imported from Greece, and did fairly well. After he had been established for about two years he took a pleasure trip by rail through many states.

He came to San Francisco in 1922 where he worked as a cook or waiter in several restaurants. He was taken sick with heart

trouble, became an inmate of the San Francisco Hospital and remained there for several months. He was discharged as cured on December 1, 1929.

A few months later, early in 1930, he opened a restaurant on Polk Street in San Francisco. Little by little the number of his patrons increased until he had a good, paying establishment. In 1932, as a result of the prevailing depression he became bankrupt and his place of business was closed.

Since that time, he has been working for other restaurant owners, part time, as cook or extra, as waiter, and making a scant living.

At present he is again in poor health because of heart trouble.

He has never married nor taken out citizenship papers.

He has no relatives in this country. He gets frequent letters from his family urging him to return to Greece, saying that living conditions are better there than here at the present time.

He is making every effort to accumulate a small amount of money, his intention being to open a hotel or rooming house in his native-land. Two or three times he has been well off financially but he has speculated and lost most of his savings.

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John X was born in Greece in ^{the} Peloponnesus about 65 years ago. In this country he runs a grill.

When ^{he was} a youth, ~~and~~ before his father and mother died, he, together with his brother and sister, lived in a stone house with a roof thatched with weeds or maize stalks. It was a one-story affair with but half of the house floored with hard mud -- the other half was shared by chickens, turkeys and domestic animals. Onions, garlic, etc. hung from the roof and the baking was done outside in a clay oven shaped like a derby. There was neither table nor bed. The mattress was stacked in a corner during the day with the rest of the bedding and spread on the hard floor at night. The family took off their shoes upon retiring but little else. The tablecloth was also spread on the floor. In cold weather a fire was made on the floor in a corner -- but there was no chimney or escape for the smoke.

~~A few sheep were owned~~ ^{they owned} and his mother made all of their ~~xx~~ clothes from ^{sheep's} their wool, carding, spinning and all being done by hand. They had some silkworms, but sold their production. ^{output.}

^{they} Very ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{few} manufactured products ^{were} ~~were~~ purchased, but sugar was always bought. Most of the peasants kept bees and the honey could be used in place of ~~xxxxg~~ sugar for all purposes but one, ~~and that was~~ sweetening the coffee. Greeks love sugar in the sweetened sticky drink they call coffee and honey will not take ~~xx~~ the place of sugar.

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PHONE DOUGLAS 4148

Joe never ^{had} tasted butter until he came to this country. True, they had goats but their milk was made into a sour curd called "Yaoorti". Olive oil took the place of butter in other things.

His father and mother died when he and his brother were in their teens. The sister was older and family affection ran strong in the family. They went to live with an aunt and uncle in a nearby city, but the boys were very unhappy because the sister could not get married ^{because she had no} owing to lack of a dowry. To overcome this, the brothers came to America, ^{from whence} ~~xx~~ ~~xxxx~~ they had heard tales of wealth, intending to remain a short time, earn the money for the sister's dowry, and return to Greece. They did send back the money and the sister was wed, ^{she} ~~and~~ still lives happily in Greece with quite a family. However, the brothers have been here ever since, ^{they first arrived} and have spent most of the time in the restaurant business ^{as} ~~and~~ waiters, cooks and sometimes owners.

I asked Joe why so many Greeks enter the cooked food business and he ^{said} ~~xxxx~~ that love of cafes and public eating places is born in a Greek. If you visit a Greek family on a remote farm in the ^{re} ~~the~~ir own land they will make you welcome but only because there ^{re} ~~is~~ is no cafe near to entertain you in. In the city, should you visit a very wealthy Greek with a magnificent home, he will take you to a public cafe. It is their love of chat

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and gossip and social doings that causes them to turn their thoughts towards owning a cafe when it comes time to choose a vocation.

I asked if the Greeks were "naturally ~~ly~~ born" cooks and ^{it at home.} he said he hadn't noticed. In fact, he remembers ~~something~~ quite ^{the} opposite. Cooking of various dishes was quite nicely done in the cities by trained chefs, ~~but~~ in the rural districts the fare was unvaried and whatever it was, its identity was lost in olive oil or "Salsa" which is a sauce made of Olive oil and tomato preserves, and ^{makes} ~~causes~~ all food to taste alike.

Just a few Greek customs:

Greeks, Turks and Arabs are addressed by their first name and the last ^{is} disregarded, ^{as} like "Good morning, Mr. John." A Greek celebrates his ^{birthday} ~~birthday~~ on the same day ^{as the saint whose name he bears} ~~and~~ forgets his ^{own} ~~own~~. So it happens that all Greeks named John celebrate their ^{birthday} ~~birthday~~ on the birthday of Saint John. There is an "All Saint's Day" to celebrate your birthday on in the event you are not named after any particular saint.

Older sisters marry first, ~~then~~ then the next oldest, ~~then~~ then the brothers. All the girls must have a dowry, or they could never get married. ~~The~~ ^Matches are usually arranged by the parents, ~~++~~ and the couple meets only in the presence of their ⁱⁿ parents.

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Greeks love to bargain. . You never walk into a hotel or lodging ^house in Greece and expect a uniform rate. You talk it over and make a couple of offers and pick up your luggage to go elsewhere before a deal is made. Even corporations with large investments, like steamship lines, follow this uncertain way to make rates. It all depends on how good a bargain you can drive.

In this country, Greeks write many letters home. ~~little~~ Over there, ~~many~~ friendships, other than with relatives, are not noticeably strong, but ^d separations ^{and} ~~cause~~ ^{used} Greeks ^a to start a correspondence with someone back home who was but a casual acquaintance. Family correspondence is always ~~maintained~~. *kept up.*

Greeks love to own cafes, ^{tr} but hate to work for another Greek in a cafe. There is always trouble when a Greek works for a Greek. ~~Joe~~ Joe says they are too assertive and think "they know more than the boss". They do not take orders quickly or willingly from another Greek, ^{tr} and a waiter usually enters into the spirit of the cafe and chats and enjoys himself as if he were one of the patrons.

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Greek

This man was born in Greece where he obtained a good education. He is now an accomplished linguist, being able to read and write and speak, Greek, French, Arabian and English.

When he was eleven he went to Cairo, Egypt where he lived with an uncle for three years.

When he was fourteen he came alone to the United States. He attended the public schools of Reading, Pennsylvania. Later he went to Baltimore and obtained work as a waiter in the Belvedere Hotel where he remained for three years. He became a cook and worked as assistant cook in the Astoria and Plaza Hotels in New York City. He has worked in many leading hotels in several cities.

He is now a restaurant owner in San Leandro where he owns the leading cafe. He has been there since 1921. His cafe has a representative patronage.

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Close of Birth, Greece
Greece, Constantinople

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Remarks

He obtained good education in Greece, and is well acquainted with English, being able to read, write and speak the Greek, French, Italian and English languages. When about 20 years of age he went to Cairo, Egypt, where he lived for some years. ^{When} he was fourteen years of age he came to the United States where he attended the public schools of Reading, Pennsylvania, where he went to Philadelphia and at that time he was a member of the Philadelphia Hotel where he remained ^{for} some years. He became a cook and worked as an assistant in the Boston and New York Hotels in New York City. He has been in many leading hotels in several cities.

He came to San Francisco in 1892. ^{He is the} ^{5th} ¹ ^{son} of his father. His father has a representative patronage.

MR. X - GREEK - AGE 44

Mr. X, a Greek was born in Piraeus, a short distance from Athens, in the year 1892. Although a typical looking Greek, dark skinned, dark haired and only five feet in stature one marvels at the perfect English spoken by Mr. X. From vocabulary, grammar and diction one immediately forms the idea that Mr. X has had an elaborate education, but an interview by the writer reveals that he has had less than equivalent to our grammar school.

Mr. X, being born near the water comes from a family of fisherman. His father had been a fisherman all his life and as soon as Mr. X was old enough he claims that fish, nets boats, etc. became part of his life.

He attended the public schools in his own city and his only diversion after he learned to read was books.

His family lived comfortably; they owned property and his father always had a substantial bank account. Mr. X claimed they ate well - much good food, plenty of fish and the best of wine which he helped his father make annually. He recalls that his mother spent about 12 hours a day in the kitchen - cooking the current meals and then preparing for the next day. X says this custom predominated the Greek household in this city of fishermen.

Mr. X had many relatives in and around Piraeus, but gradually they began to migrate to America until only his own family remained.

Letters began to reach home from various relatives. No one seemed to complain about the United States, but on the contrary, reports indicated that it was a land of great opportunity for the Greek and great wealth could be accumulated.

Mr. X made up his mind at 20 years of age to migrate to the States. He had saved about six hundred dollars and after much controversy with his family obtained steerage passage and sailed for New York, his objective being San Francisco where many of his friends and relatives resided.

Mr. X arrived at Ellis island in May of 1912 and was bewildered at the trouble aliens had to go through in order to establish their residency in the United States - X says he had much trouble. Some, with his passport and because he was alone and not yet 21 years of age and had not made the proper preparations to live with some specific family. The result was that Mr. X says he was detained at Ellis Island almost three months before being allowed to proceed to San Francisco.

By this time Mr. X had created a dislike for the United States and had regretted leaving Greece. At one time he almost returned home.

In July of 1912 Mr. X arrived in San Francisco. He immediately sought out relatives with whom he went to live in the South of Market district in San Francisco.

Being a fisherman Mr. X obtained work on a fishing boat in San Francisco with a group of Italians but being a Greek and unable to speak their language he did not get along and subsequently had to quit. He worked at anything he could get. X learned to speak a little English and went to night school in San Francisco. He still liked books and gradually learned to read our English books. X says he worked as a gardner, cook, salesman in a poultry store and during the World's fair was employed as an interpreter in the Greek exhibit at the Fair in San Francisco. In 1915 he applied for naturalization papers and later became an American citizen. In 1918 he was drafted and served ten months in the army but did not go to France.

In 1919 after his return from the war he married a girl of his own nationality and set up housekeeping in a flat in the South of Market district in San Francisco. At the time of his marriage he was working as a cook in a small restaurant at Third and Folsom Streets. His wife also worked until the birth of their first child. They now have four children.

In 1922 Mr. X lost his job and seeing money was to be made by bootlegging, he too, went into the business. He used his basement for the purpose. He was allowed by law during prohibition to make two hundred gallons of wine for his own consumption but he always had about a thousand on hand and could always obtain more.

He fitted his basement with tables and sold wine at fifty cents a "pitcher" (about a quart) to the lower class of drinkers South of Market. He did well because his patrons could sit around and drink comfortably and if they desired, his wife supplied food at a nominal cost. Mr. X says his basement was always crowded and in about two years he had made much money. He had no trouble with the law. The policemen on the beat were taken care of with small sums of money and any wine they might desire.

Mr. X bought the property he lived in. He got rid of tenants in the other two flats in the house, with the idea of expansion and used these solely for his business. He furnished them elaborately, hired good cooks and strated to cater to a select class of people, who, during prohibition were constantly seeking a rendezvous of this nature where good food and drink might be obtained without fear of molestation.

Mr. X sent his children to private school and bought more property.

In 1927 Mr. X had trouble with the Federal authorities and went out

of business. He moved to the Richmond district and for a year did nothing but deal in the stock-market.

In 1929 his wife became ill and because of better climatic conditions X and his family moved to Burlingame.

X says he lost some money in the crash in 1929 but still had enough invested to keep he and his family comfortable.

Today, Mr. X is the owner of a well established beer parlor in San Francisco. He is earning a good living and respected by those who know him.

His wife also speaks perfect English and of course, his children are being educated and are thoroughly American. Mr. X has no desire to even visit Greece but his wife and children would like very much to see their father's birthplace.

Mr. X at 60 looks considerably younger,--neither does he resemble any Greek I have ever seen. A large mop of graying brown hair, a set of deep blue eyes and a buxom figure give every indication of being teutonic, -- 100% German. One's opinion immediately changes when conversing with Mr. X. His speech is of the poorest broken English and his characteristics are typically Greek. He is illiterate. His disposition is genial.

Mr. X was born in a small town 200 miles from Athens in 1875 and his father, as well as Mr. X remembers, was a very poor man-- a "jack of all trades," supporting a family of 7 on a meagre income derived from any work he could get. Mr. X himself had no education. He was taught to help around the house and later earn what money he could doing odd jobs. He started work at 11 years of age.

At 15 years of age his mother died-- at 17 he lost his father-- The family divided, going to live with various relatives. An uncle, who was in the fruit and vegetable business, took him to live in Athens.

Mr. X says he was immediately put to work in his Uncle's store, working the first year at no salary.

Like a large percentage of emigrants, X became very restless with the stories of friends for riches and success in America and in 1895 obtained steerage on a steamer bound for America.

Mr. X arrived in New York with \$77.00 and the desire for a job with the ultimate hope of getting to San Francisco. Mr. X claims he received no work for one month and not knowing American "ways" his \$77 dwindled very rapidly. He says he could not even sell papers because he did not know a word of English.

An acquaintance directed him to the Greek Consul in New York who in turn obtained for X a job in a greek restaurant.

From this time on X says he had very little trouble getting "by." Gradually he acquired better jobs, more friends and more wisdom and after saving about a \$100 decided to go to San Francisco.

It was six months before Mr. X finally reached San Francisco. He worked his way across the country. X obtained employment wherever he could, on ranches, picking fruit, working in restaurants, stores, etc.

X reached San Francisco with \$500. In his broken English and with gestures, Mr. X wishes to impress upon you the valuable experiences and financial success in the short period of six months. He says he spent none of his earnings unless he had to. He was determined to go into business for himself when he reached San Francisco.

X immediately sought out the Greek Colony in San Francisco, which at that time was small and separated. Part South of Market in San Francisco and a scattering in the North Beach section.

His first business venture was a small vegetable and poultry store on Third St. X says he made a good living.

In 1900 X married a native Greek girl and now have six grown children, the oldest of which is thirty.

In 1905 X opened a larger store in the North Beach district only to have it destroyed by the fire and earthquake in 1906.

They moved to Fillmore district in San Francisco and went into the same business. Friends later persuaded him to go into the restaurant business in the fast growing Greek section in the South of Market district, where he with two partners opened a large restaurant on Third and Folsom Sts. X remained until 1923, when he says prohibition rendered impossible to earn any more money.

He was arrested for selling liquor during prohibition on two different occasions and each time paid large fines. X says that with the payments for police protection, and the payment of fines it was

wiser to close up and go out of business, which he did.

He has done very little work since.

His home life is a comfortable one. Three grown sons and two of his daughters, all of whom are employed, contribute nicely towards the support of his home. The children have received fair educations and none do any manual labor.

His wife is surprisingly youthful looking for her years and appears in excellent health. They own their own home in the Western Addition district. Curiously enough, his wife speaks excellent English, perhaps through closer association with her American born children.

Mr. X very probably has never become an American citizen. Any questions on the subject are ignored and indications are that he resents being asked about it.

Mr. X's personal ideas regarding the depressions are numerous.

He says that the Americas are a spoiled race and that they neither work nor save enough. Says Mr. X, "I work hard, I save my money and I no broke. Some day I take trip to Athens."

While Mr. X's children are Americans and educated in this country, many of the Greek customs and traditions are carried out in their home life. They eat Greek food and attend the Greek church and observe Greek holidays. The children also appear quiet, well-bred, and thrifty.

The oldest son owns a liquor store which his father helped him finance. Occasionally Mr. X works around the store.

The family in general is a quiet orderly one and all appear contented and happy.

LITTLE GREECE

By George & Emilia Hodel

From San Francisco Chronicle, Sunday, February 28, 1932

National Holiday

Ethnika Eorti is Greece's great national holiday. This year it comes on March 28. It commemorates the day when Greece wrested its independence from Turkey in the year 1821.

Ethnika Eorti is celebrated with double enthusiasms because of the fact that it happens to fall on one of the great holy days of the Greek Orthodox church - the Feast of the Annunciation. Elaborate services are held, and the icons are brought out and carried in procession. The usual rites of the Greek church are impressive enough - we hope some day to witness the celebration of a high holy day. Perhaps this year. But we have said that to ourselves for the last five years.

At any rate, here we are now, in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the coffee house, listening to Cleo sing a Turkish love song. The words seem from their very sound to be heavy with innuendo. The orchestra warms up to its task, and our young lagouta player joins in with an occasional encouraging shout.

Turkish music is much more discordant, to the untrained Western ear, than the milder songs of Greece. It almost suggests the unasimilable strains of Far Eastern music that one hears at San Francisco's Chinese theatres.

GREEK

(1.)

1. Born in Athens, Greece 1885.
2. Father was olive oil merchant, owning several olive groves and having own factory for conversion into oil. Wealthy educated, mother came from wealthy family, well educated also.
3. Through high school at fourteen years.
4. Came to America to seek his fortune when he was fifteen years old.
5. Studied in high school and university in construction engineering. Back to Greece 1906 when his father died. Settled estate and came back to America with eldest sister. Worked for time invested in stocks and bonds.
6. Has visited Greece would not return there to live.
7. Has brought all sisters to this country, thinking it the best place to live.
8. Well assimilated, perfect English.
10. Married, educated girl, three children. One son in San Francisco Symphony Orchestra band, graduated University of California. Married United States Air Service man youngest son is still in high school.
11. Five.
12. Has felt losses during depression, is, however, still considered to be a wealthy man.

(2.)

1. Greece.
2. Farmer.
4. 1920, for employment.
5. Factory worker, pushcart peddler, flower stand.
7. Satisfied with United States.
8. Economically and culturally good.
10. Married, Greek girl, Los Angeles.
11. One.
12. Untouched.

CHALK

(3.)

1. Greece place and date not given.
3. Good education, accomplished linguist speaks and writes greek, French, Arabian, and English. Went to Egypt when eleven and lived with uncle three years.
4. No date given, age fourteen, came alone.
5. Public school, waiter, cook, cafe proprietor.
6. Was leading cafe in small town.
10. No mention.
11. One.

(4.)

1. Athens, Greece, no date.
4. No date, age of sixteen, came to work for cousin already in America.
5. Store clerk, grocery owner.
7. He is proud of being a good citizen, thinks San Francisco greatest city in world. Glad Prohibition is over, otherwise business would show a loss.
8. Borrowed money from relative and opened own store, later paying off debts. Has good business now.
10. (a) Married, no details.
(b) Three children, in school.
(c) Hopes son will succeed him in business, Hopes daughter who now plays piano will take up a radio career.
11. Five.
12. Business not like before the depression. But he makes a living and has not lost any money in business. However lost money in Bank of Italy stocks.

GREEK

(5.)

1. Erminone, Peloponnesus, Greece
2. Father patriarch in Orthodox Church.
3. Apparently ordinary schooling.
4. No date, age twenty two, was restless, undecided whether to go to America or Syria, decided on America.
5. Farmer, garage worker, apparently now on relief work for SRA.
7. Hopes President Roosevelt will find means of shifting unemployed from cities onto farms, also furnish capital necessary to start these people in farming.
11. One.
12. Forced by depression from farm into city, lost his savings in bad investments. Now barely manages to pay his bills from SRA relief.

(6.)

1. Volos, Greece, 1890.
2. Tenant farmers of large landlord.
3. Helped on farm, ran away from home at age of fifteen to Athens, lived with stranger who befriended him, for five years, travelling to Egypt and Armenia.
4. 1910, worked passage to America.
5. In United States Army hospital corps during war, laborer.
6. No desire to return to Greece ever.
7. American citizen.
8. Unable to speak or write English much. Considers America his home although no relatives here.
10. Wife, and one child, in school.
11. Three.

QUESTIONS

(7.)

1. Near Sparta, Greece, no date given.
2. Parents poor.
3. Children had hard time at home, at age of twelve went to work for uncle in grocery business, for board lodging and clothing.
4. No date given, at age of twenty, no reason given.
5. Grocery clerk and proprietor.
6. Does not want to return to Greece. There are some undesirable things in Greece that only bring back unpleasant memories.
7. Is an American citizen, votes republican.
8. Has saved money and is in good circumstances.
10. (a) Married, no details.
(b) four children, in school.

(8.)

1. Olympia, Greece 1898. Female.
2. Peasant stock, father owned small farm.
3. She never worked in other peoples fields.
4. 1918, father brought her to America, leaving wife and other children in Greece.
5. Laundry worker, housewife, assisting in husbands cafe.
6. She never worked in cafe before depression.
10. (a) Husband, one daughter eight, in school.
11. Three.
12. Now works in cafe. Too much work since depression.

(9.)

1. Greece, 1907.
2. Father immigrant to America, restaurant proprietor.
3. Father brought him to America when a boy.
4. Date not given.
5. Newspaper worker, cashier, accountant, tax expert. president of greek bakery.
6. Is very ambitious, studied at night school, devised accounting system for Greek restaurants, wields considerable influence in Greek community.
11. One.

CHIEF

(10.)

1. Arcadia, Greece, 1898.
2. Middle class peasant stock, father ran livery stable and owned some land.
3. Went through two years of grammar high.
4. 1908, on death of father, came to join two brothers in America, who sent him passage money.
5. Bootblack, miner, waiter, cafe owner.
6. Developed business until employed eight persons.
10. (a) Married twelve years.
(b) One child.
11. Three.
12. Business reduced till employs only three persons, wife now helps, complied with FRA. Firing an extra man and reducing hours. Believes depression due to too many new inventions and machinery.

(11.)

1. Thessalonica, Greece, 1879.
2. Father seagoing man, exporting fruit and merchandise to Trieste.
3. Seven years public school, private tutoring, learned French and English, went to sea at an early age as kite on helper, learned to cook.
4. 1904, no reason given unless jumped ship he was working on.
5. Cook, waiter, fruit stand, restaurant owner.
6. Developed a good paying business, has never become naturalized. His relatives in Greece are writing him to return there as conditions are better there at the present time.
10. Unmarried.
11. One.
12. Business became bankrupt after depression. Now working again as cook or waiter making a scant living. Also lost savings by speculation.

ANALYSIS

1. Birth-place.
2. Status and profession of parents.
3. Career and profession in native country.
4. Time and coming and reason for coming.
5. Profession or professions in the United States.
6. Attitude toward native country.
7. Attitude toward United States.
8. Nature of adjustment to America.
9. Survivals of old customs.
10. Family life:
 - (a) Marriage (into own group or other group).
 - (b) Children, occupation.
 - (c) Adjustment of children to American life.
11. Number of individuals involved in account.
12. Relation to depression.

CHIEF

(12.)

1. Greece, place not given, about 1898.
2. Farmers, made enough to eat and buy clothes.
3. Went to second year of high school, then helped father.
4. Date not given, about 1915, cousin in America, sent passage money.
5. Newsboy, bell hop, waiter, owner of cafe.
6. Made good at first, had seven people working in cafe, bought good house, had plenty of clothes.
10. (a) Married seventeen years.
(b) Three daughters.
11. Five.
12. Employees reduced to three can't pay bills, wife can't buy clothes. His made things worse. To cure the depression, working hours must be reduced till everybody has work.

(13.)

1. Mexico, Vera, Greece 1890.
2. Father, custom house officer, mother daughter of well to do farmer.
3. Ran away from home when twelve travelled in France and Italy, doing odd jobs.
4. 1911, to escape military service, also to gratify love for travel.
5. Opera stage hand, singer, actor, gambler, wrestler, farm laborer, grocery clerk. Waiter, owner of coffee shop.
6. Well educated in Greek literature, has large Greek library, with friends, puts on Greek plays, hates the Turks.
7. Is naturalized, American citizen but did not fight in war. Likes America better than Greece.
8. Reads English well, but speaks poorly.
9. Retains Greek habits of life, to a great extent.
10. Married, one child.
11. Three.
12. Is going out of business within a month, is stoical about the depression, had to go out of business within a seriousness, but resigned and tolerant.

CHART.

(14.)

1. Dealupton, Magialias, Greece no date.
2. Farmer, fruit grower.
3. No schooling, from age of ten, was sheep herder and farm laborer.
4. Came to join brother already in America, no date.
5. Railway section hand, railway shop laborer, miller laborer, now on relief.
7. Attempted to take out American citizenship papers at one time but was prevented by the fact that the naturalization examiner demanded a bribe that he could not pay.
8. Participated in 1922 railway strike, was taken back but later discharged. He joined the communist party after becoming convinced that the world war was being fought in the interests of the bosses. The workers have no country.
10. Unmarried, if you can't live right, how can you support a family?
11. No.
12. Unable to obtain work, he sent for his savings which he had in Greece. When these were exhausted he lived on a friend's charity finally went on relief.

(15.)

1. Island of Crete 1895.
2. Parents peasants.
3. 1912.
6. Lumber worker, cook, belonged to IWW.
7. Joined American Federal of Labor but when he saw the corruption of the officials and the organization became affiliated with the opposition group. Joined the communists party.
8. Fair.
10. Married Greek girl in 1924.
12. Killed by police during longshoremen's strike, 1934.

CHALK

(16.)

1. Athens, Greece.
2. Business.
3. Apprentice of a weaver, assistant to father in business.
4. Left Greece as fugitive from compulsive military training.
5. Odd jobs, then settled to restaurant keeper in Seattle, later moved to San Francisco, in same business.
6. No love for native country.
7. Good citizen in United States.
10. Married into own group, no children.
11. Two.
12. Has not suffered from depression.

(17.)

1. Papasary, Greece 1896.
2. Father graduate of three universities, was writer musician, carpenter and brick-layer.
3. Earned living from age of nine, working in restaurants and bars.
4. 1914. Brother already in America sent message.
5. Worker in ice cream parlor, railway trackman, busboy and waiter, ship steward, now unemployed.
7. During the world war was a pacifist, refusing to go to war and to buy Liberty Bonds. For this he was discharged by employer and threatened with deportation.
8. Reads a Greek communist paper, is member of the international labor defense and the communist party.
10. Married in 1923 wife worked as waitress at times after marriage. She was deserted by husband following quarrel over the fact that they were forced to accept charity.
11. Two.
12. Both husband and wife were discharged from waiter jobs after 1929 crash, since then has sold fruit on the street, existed on relief rations, is now unemployed.

STORY

(18.)

1. Born in Constantinople Greece 1896.
2. Father left for United States of America to work in mills, later started a fruit and vegetable store.
3. Received good education in his native country, came here as a miner.
4. Arrived in New York August 1912.
5. Worked in factories and attended evening school.
6. Indifferent to his native country.
7. Loves the United States for the opportunities it gives the foreigner.
8. Has become a loyal American citizen.
10. Married, has two children, boys which go to high school.
11. Six.
12. Contented as depression affected him a little.

(19.)

1. Sparta, Greece, 1890.
2. Four, three children.
3. Worked in uncle's grocery for his keep until age of twenty.
4. At twenty, to escape pinched and miserable economic circumstances.
5. Grocery clerk, own grocery now.
6. Does not want to go back as conditions are bad there and parents dead.
7. Feels he is much better off here, proud of his citizenship and his voting Republican ticket.
8. Has made enough money to save a little and that and his wife and family are his only interests.
10. Married, Children, who go to school and work holidays, and after school in his store.

GREEK

(20.)

1. Born in Smyrna, Asia Minor 1872.
2. Laborer for father poor tinsmith.
3. worked with father in tinshop from twelve years to seventeen years.
4. Came to America 1890, passage paid by brother in law, he would work in restaurant of brother in law, in America.
5. Dishwasher, cook, chef, bartender in saloon, tinsmith.
6. Has never become citizen but respects American laws ways.
7. Thinks of Smyrna as a city of political corruption and monstrous graft.
8. Well assimilated, owns home, speaks good English.
10. Married Smyrnaian girl, five children, three married with children of their own. All well Americanized and making good in their various lines of business.
11. Six.
12. Life's savings lost in stock market crash, but he gets by and does not worry about finances.

(21.)

1. Trikala, Thessaly, Greece 1886.
2. Farmers.
3. No schooling, helped on farm, army conscript.
4. 1906, elder brother, already in America, sent passage money.
5. Railroad laborer, barber.
6. Has learned to read fairly well, and picked up some education by himself.
10. Married, two children.
11. Four.
12. Bought two flats but expects to lose them because he cannot pay taxes and interest.

100

(100)

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2. The second part is devoted to a detailed examination of the various branches of the economy.
3. The third part is devoted to a study of the social and cultural conditions of the population.
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